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ECKART THE TRUSTY.

[FROM GOETHE.]

"How dark it is growing—I wish we were back!
They are coming, they're here, the hobgoblins, alack!
The band of the Sorceress Sisters!
See, see, where they come! If they light on us here,
They'll be certain to drink every drop of the beer
It has cost us such trouble to fetch here."

So saying, the children push on in affright,
When up from the heath starts a grizzly old wight.
"Stop, stop, child!—my children, be quiet!
They are thirsty and hot, for they come from the chase,
Let them drink what they like without squall or grimace,
And the Grewsome Ones they will be gracious."

And up come the goblins that moment, and they
Look ghostlike and grewsome, and ghastly and gray,
Yet they revel and riot it roundly.
The beer it has vanish'd, the pitchers are bare,
Then whooping and hooting away through the air,
O'er hill and dale clatter the Weird Ones.

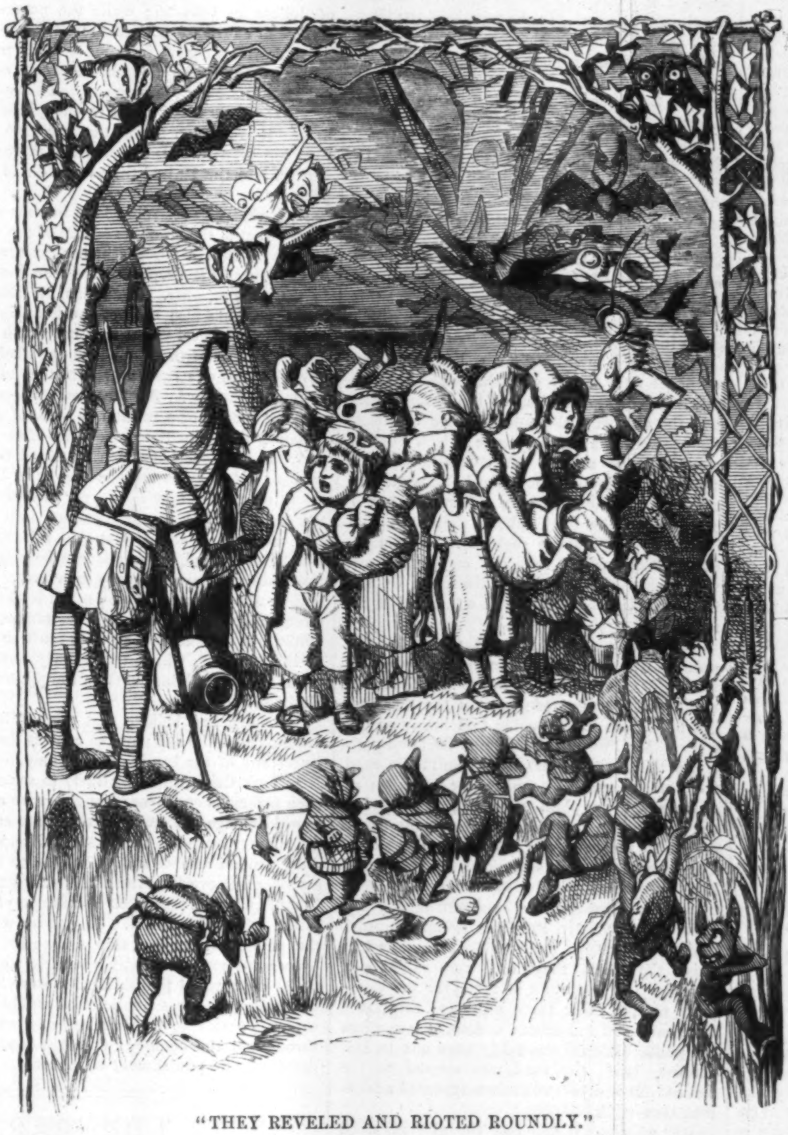
Off homeward, all quaking, the children they hied,
And the kindly old graybeard troops on by their side.
"Do not weep so and whimper, my darlings."
"They'll scold us and beat us for this." "Never fear,
All yet will go famously well with the beer,
If you'll only be mum as young mice, dears.

"Mind you follow my bidding, and surely you may,
I am he who delights with small children to play:
You know me—Old Eckart the Trusty.
Of that wonderful wight you've heard many a lay,
But never had proof what he is till to-day:
Now you hold in your hands a most rare one."

Arrived at their home, each small child, with a face
Of terror, his pitcher sets down in its place,
And waits to be beaten and scolded.
When the old folks they sip: "Oh, what excellent beer!"
Three, four times they take a strong pull at the cheer,
Yet still do the pitchers brim over.

The miracle lasted that night and next day;
And if you should ask, as you very well may,
What became, in the end, of the pitchers?
The little mice titter, enjoying the joke,
But at length, Sirs, they stammer'd and stutter'd and
spoke,
And the pitchers immediately dried up!

And, children, if e'er, looking kindly and true,
An old man, or father, or master teach you,
Give heed, and do all that he bids you.
Though to bridle your tongues it may cost you some pain,
Yet to chatter is bad, to be silent is gain,
And it makes the beer brim in the pitchers!



"THEY REVELED AND RIOTED ROUNDLY."

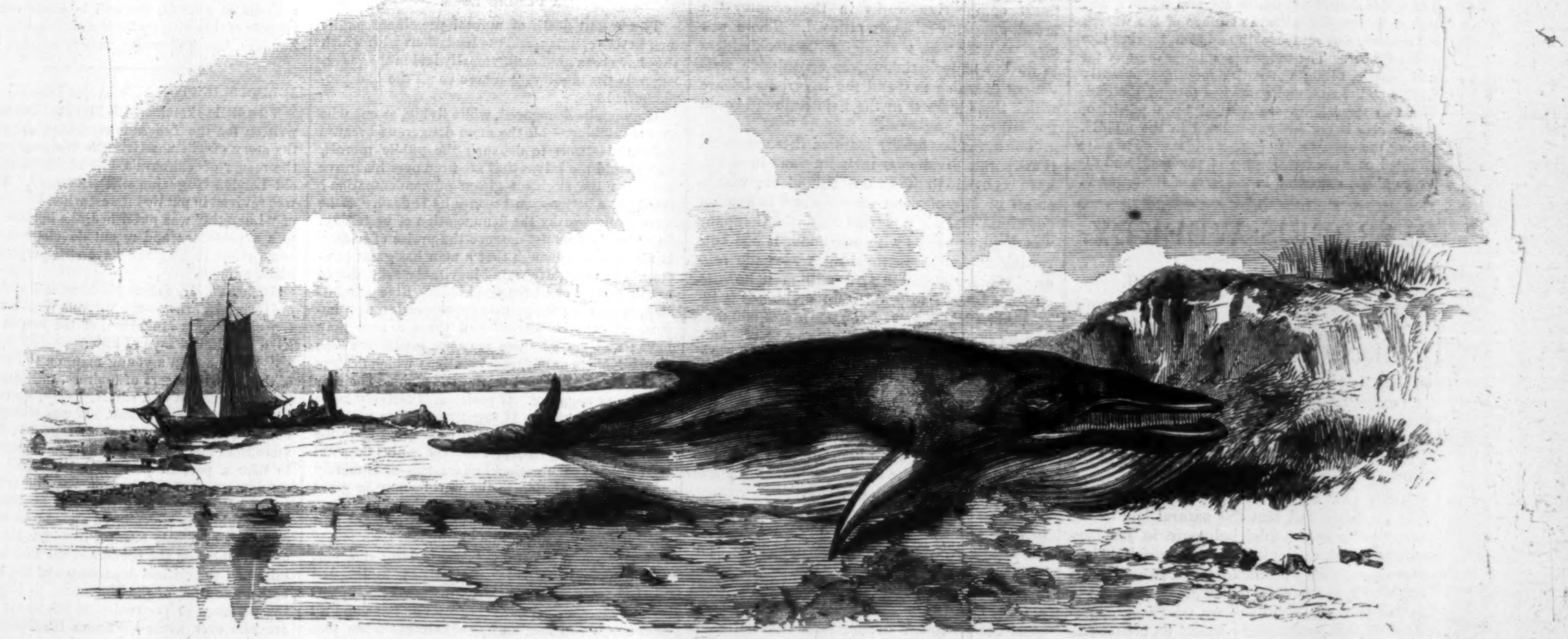
THE WHALE FOUND NEAR FLUSHING, L. I.

Early on Wednesday morning, August 10, two fishermen, near Willet's Point, on the north shore of Long Island, wandering down to the beach, were astonished at seeing a fish of extraordinary size fast between two rocks which the receding tide had left dry, and faintly floundering with its tail and fins. The prize proved to be a whale of the Razor-back species, especially interesting to naturalists because its kind are never taken by whalemen, and but few opportunities occur, therefore, of examining it; and of interest to the general observer because it belongs to that branch of the whale family which is, on all hands, proved to be the largest, the mightiest, and the only one which has hitherto successfully baffled the ingenuity and bravery of man exerted for its capture. Dr. Robert Hamilton calls the *Rorqual*, to which variety this whale belongs, "the mightiest giant of them all, and probably the most powerful and bulky of created beings."

The illustration to be found herewith will give the reader an accurate idea of the appearance of the stranded whale. It was a young one, and probably strayed into Long Island Sound in search of food, and getting bewildered among the eddies and currents, was carried, unknowingly, to the inlet, where the receding tide left it high and dry. Its length is not quite twenty-five feet; the flukes or tail measured six feet across; the head was about one fourth the bulk of the body, and into the mouth, when opened, a man could easily crawl on his hands and knees. The plaits or folds which extended along the under jaw and belly, would, when fully extended, form a sack which would hold five or six hundred gallons of water, containing the medusæ, shrimp, and fish which form this whale's food.

But vast as are the parts of even so young an animal as this, what are they compared with those of a grown specimen, such as was washed ashore on the coast of Scotland in 1692, and measured 78 feet in length; or another found dead by Mr. Scoresby, in Davis' Straits, which measured 105 feet? In 1831, one 83 feet in length was dissected by Dr. Knox, on the Scottish coast, and the vast skeleton was exhibited for some years in England.

Mr. Scoresby—than whom there have been few more enterprising whalemen—once ordered a general attack on Razor-backs whenever seen; but did not succeed, after numerous adventures, in capturing even a single individual. One fish, on being struck, sounded (or dived) with such astonishing impetuosity that the line was all taken out in less than a minute; and the slight resistance of the small buoy which is attached to the end of a whale-line broke it, and set the whale free. On another occasion a harpooner struck one of these animals by mistake, thinking it a Right whale.



THE WHALE FOUND NEAR FLUSHING, LONG ISLAND.

"It dived obliquely with such velocity that 2880 feet of line were drawn from the boat in a minute of time. This time also the line broke." Duhamel, a French naturalist, who observed this species of whale, says, "The male and female seem united by the strongest bands of affection." He saw two taken which were swimming along together. One was "struck" first; whereon the other, which remained free, exhibited much uneasiness, swam to the boat, and with one stroke of its tail killed three men and precipitated them into the sea. The two whales remained to the last in company, and "when the one was killed the other uttered lamentable and terrible cries."

Ten years ago an enterprising mate of a Greenport whale ship, whaling on the coast of New Holland, ventured one still evening to fasten to one of these whales. The sea was smooth, and there was just breeze enough to carry the boat on to the whale, which remained quite unsuspicious of an enemy's presence. No sooner was the harpoon darted though, than the whale started off, and at such tremendous speed that the line not running out fast enough, the boat was dragged ahead at such a rate as in a few minutes to leave her completely water-logged. As soon as possible the line was cut; and when the breathless whalemen gathered themselves up to repair the damage, it was found that oars, boat's mast and sail, and hats, were among the missing articles, while the dried cedar planks of which a whale boat is made had in the furious race become so water-sodden that the boat was useless forever after. Another story shows the surprising strength of even the young of this species. A very small specimen of this whale had been swimming about a Sag Harbor whaleman, becalmed in the Indian Ocean, for the greater part of a day. Toward evening, no sperm-whales showing themselves, the captain determined on a little excitement by capturing this young Razor-back. The boat was lowered, and the unsuspicious calf presently felt a harpoon in his side. Off he started, to the surprise of his would-be captors, dragging the heavy boat at the rate of about eight miles an hour. They could not get near enough to lance, but waited in momentary expectation of the animal's exhaustion. But he did not give in till he had carried them at least ten miles from the ship, when at last he succumbed to a well-aimed lance. When got alongside, this powerful and mettlesome little whale measured but sixteen feet! and the longest laminæ of his bone were less than three inches long. He could not have been even a yearling. Marten, an old chronicler of the Greenland whale-fishery, relates that the sailors of a small whaling sloop having inadvertently fastened to one of these whales, were dragged off with such extreme velocity that they lost all presence of mind, and, neglecting to cut the line, which had been made fast, were drawn under a vast bank of heavy ice, where they all perished.

But though our whalemen are glad to leave this powerful animal unmolested, the natives of Greenland do not hesitate to attack it in their rude kayaks. They pursue it, and dart their bone lances into its huge sides, till at length, often after many hours, it bleeds to death; whereupon every boat is loaded with its flesh, which these people consider a great delicacy.

We append the dimensions of the stranded whale, from our own careful measurement:

	Ft.	In.
Greatest length	24	6
Breadth of flukes	5	4
Length of jaw	5	8
Half circumference (over the back from fin to fin)	4	5
Circumference near dorsal fin	6	0
Roof of mouth, from gullet to end	4	8
Apparent diameter of gullet		1¼
Length of fin, or flipper	2	6
Length of longest blade of baleen		8½
Spout-holes, length		8
Eye-sockets, length		5
Eyeball very large.		

The head is flat and somewhat pointed; the eyes are situated in a projection immediately at the corners of the mouth. The side fins, which are slightly curved and pointed, hang below the line of the eyes, and about ten inches behind. The dorsal fin is small, pointed, and curved back. The body is not cylindrical, like the right or sperm whale's, but compressed at the sides, and angular on the back. The tail is shaped not unlike a sperm whale's, and lies, of course, flat with the surface of the water; color black, and skin smooth and firm, looking like India rubber. The tongue is a large mass of fat and muscle, filling the entire mouth, apparently double at the end, and quite free toward the end. The two spout-holes are divided by a partition, which also is curiously depressed in the middle, giving the appearance of three orifices. They are situated near the termination of the head, and diverge abaft, somewhat in the form of the letter V.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 27, 1859.

THE ERIE RAILROAD IN THE HANDS OF A RECEIVER.

THE New York and Erie Railroad Company passed, a few days ago, under an order of Court, into the hands of a Receiver. It may be as well to explain at once that a Receiver is a custodian appointed by law to property in litigation; that pending the receivership such property can not be brought to execution or sold for debt; and that the natural end of the receivership is the final judgment in the lawsuit in which the appointment of the Receiver was a preliminary proceeding. A Receiver was appointed, in this case, on the application of the fourth mortgage bond-holders, who were apprehensive that the property would be brought to execution under judgments obtained against it by creditors posterior to themselves: the Receiver will continue to hold the property and administer it until a decree of foreclosure is obtained and the road is sold out under the fourth mortgage.

That the Erie Railroad Company would come to this end, sooner or later, was long since foreseen by every one. The vices of its organization were incurable; it was plain enough, years ago, that no one but the Sheriff could afford any relief to the overgrown, mismanaged, and plundered corporation. But the obviousness of the catastrophe has not mitigated the shame and indignation with which honest men have contemplated the event. From first to last, the history of the Erie Railroad—the greatest enterprise of the greatest State in the Union—is shameful, disgraceful, and humiliating to New Yorkers.

Twenty-five years will soon have elapsed since the State Legislature ordered the first survey of a State road through the wilderness between New York City and Lake Erie. Railroads were then almost unknown; it was not till 1832 that the idea of a railroad on the line of the State road was suggested. The vigor with which it was taken up reflects credit on the enterprise of that day. In the year 1832 the New York State Legislature chartered the New York and Erie Railroad Company, with a capital of ten millions of dollars. The next question was to raise the money. In 1833, one million was raised and spent. In 1834, about a million and a quarter were raised and spent. In 1835, about half a million went the same way. In 1836, three millions were loaned by the State, and squandered. Six years afterward the road was not built, the money was all gone, and the Company made an assignment. There was now loud, and probably just, complaint of corrupt management and fraudulent speculation in connection with the concern; it began, even at this stage, to exhale that flavor of roguery which hangs round it still.

There were far-seeing men, however, who perceived that at any cost the road must be built. They prevailed upon the State to forgive the Company the debt of three millions. They prevailed upon the people of New York to advance more money. A committee called upon every prominent mercantile house in the city to solicit subscriptions, offering to pay 7 per cent. on the stock taken; they succeeded in raising the amount required. A sum of $7,500,000 was all that the complete work would cost: such was the estimate of George Griswold, Jacob Little, and others of equal note.

The money, as we have said, was raised and spent. Three millions more were raised by an issue of bonds; they were swept into the maelstrom and disappeared; but yet the road was not built. In 1850, people had begun to despair. Mr. President Loder now declared positively that $17,178,000 would build the road from end to end, and equip it for business; as to returns, it was plain to see that, after paying the interest on its bonds, the Company could divide 10 per cent. per annum on the stock. People were not very sanguine; but California had just begun to yield gold, men's spirits were buoyant, and more money was contributed. By New Year 1851, Mr. President Loder admitted that three millions more would be required to finish the road; they, too, were raised and spent; by mid-summer of that year the Company needed other three millions; they, too, were borrowed and spent: and so, at last, when the public patience was fairly worn out, in December, 1851, the road was opened to the Lakes. It had cost what then appeared a fabulous sum—$23,750,000.

But whatever it had cost the glorious work was achieved. New York was brought within eighteen hours of Lake Erie, and by one of the finest engineering works in the country—a broad gauge, well-built railroad. There was now, we were told, nothing for the stockholders to do but to look themselves up suitable residences in which to spend the luxurious leisure which their interest in the Erie Railroad could not fail to secure them.

The event has hardly justified these expectations. Six dividends, including one in stock, have been paid to the Erie stockholders; whether all or any of them were earned is another question. Certain it is, that while the Company was dividing profits with one hand, it was borrowing money at usurious rates with the other. Where it paid half a million it borrowed $2,000,000: to pay its six dividends it increased its debt from $13,750,000 to $28,000,000, and its stock from $10,000,000 to $11,000,000. The accounts which it laid before its stockholders from time to time defied the penetration of the most experienced accountants; their abstruseness became less surprising when it was discovered by Brown Brothers in 1855, that, somehow or other, a million of dollars had been *escamoté*—we use the French as the more polite term—by some one in authority.

In that year—1855—many sagacious railroad men declared that the Company would go into the hands of a Receiver. It would have been better that it had. That it did not is mainly due to Mr. Charles Moran; who, from a successful Wall Street banker, became the most conspicuously unsuccessful railroad manager of these days, and piloted the Erie into the jaws of destruction. Perhaps it is not fair to blame him. Probably the concern was past salvation when he volunteered to take the helm. There were sound ideas in his system; errors, too, of course, most costly and even fatal; but some of his notions will by-and-by prevail. At any rate, when one thinks of the settlement he must make with the friends whom he persuaded to buy the later securities of the Erie, one has not the heart to censure him.

Thus our history reaches the present day. It may be briefly summed up: blunders and ignorance at the start; extravagance, mismanagement, and roguery throughout; helpless imbecility at the last. Such has been the career of the Erie Railroad. One sickens at the ever-recurring alternation of stupidity and fraud. From estimates so wide of the truth that one can hardly believe they were honest, one passes to expenditure so lavish and ill directed as to be positively criminal; the offer to pay interest on the stock of a road which was not built is paralleled but not surpassed by the payment of dividends when the road was losing money daily; the Piermont speculation was of a piece with the mysterious disappearance of a million of dollars in 1854-'55; while the notoriously successful efforts of the treasurer of the road to break down its credit, in order to make money by his private speculations in the stock, constitute, with the imbecile policy of the last administration, a fit winding up to the pitiful history. It is by such means that the Erie Railroad has been ruined, and families throughout Europe and the United States robbed of their property.

And what now? What is to become of the road—what of the creditors—what of the stockholders? Half a dozen schemes for the reorganization of the property have seen the light in the papers. Mr. Moran has his scheme; Mr. Brown has his; each of the financial doctors has a panacea. But it is not worth while describing any of them, for it is not likely that any will avail one iota to prevent the quiet operation of the law. All these schemes presuppose the raising of a million or more of dollars to satisfy the immediate necessities of the Company, and no such sum can be raised for that purpose. It may be months—perhaps, though we think not, it may be a year or two before the decree of foreclosure is carried into effect, and the road is sold. But that a foreclosure can be prevented, or that it can be a friendly proceeding, we are not ready to believe. There will be much discussion and much loud threatening, many lawsuits will be commenced, no doubt, but the end of the whole must be a sale of the property, which will utterly annihilate about twenty millions worth of the present Erie Railroad securities.

We hope and believe that there will be no attempt made by any party to contest the legality of any of the bonds of the Company. No New York Court would be likely to sustain any such nefarious endeavor; but the mere attempt would damage the credit of the State and disgrace every citizen. At the same time, we candidly confess that we should be glad to hear of a proposal to overhaul the administration of the Company for the past twelve or fifteen years before a criminal tribunal. Rightly or wrongly, the public believe that things have been done by persons connected with the Erie which the penal code would punish if they were brought to light. A great public trial would, at all events, operate to frighten railroad swindlers throughout the country; it might lead to the detection and punishment of rogues.

THE LOUNGER.

A PUBLIC LOSS.

THE recen[illegible]ath of several prominent public men in this country, and the laudations with which they have been almost universally laid in the grave, suggests the inquiry, "Where be all the bad people buried?"

If a man be denounced, while living, as one who by his teachings—all the more dangerous because delightful—tends to debauch the public morals, why should the salvos that are fired over his grave not have the slightest gleam of condemnation? He is not a better man because he is dead. If he were really worthy the denunciation of yesterday, he certainly does not deserve the praise of to-day. It surely is not enough that a man has great powers. The thoughtful mind inevitably asks, did he use them well or ill for mankind? Ripe scholarship, wide experience, rare opportunities, rich humor, brilliant eloquence—all these a man may have; and yet all these may not justify the tone of newspapers or of funeral orations which deplore his death as a national calamity. Genius is either positive or negative. If positive, it actively helps or harms mankind. If negative, it is as purely a private possession as a vast fortune spent upon the owner. In every nation, whatever genius does not tend to purify the national character—or is merely moribund, in relation to the world—may be great genius still, but its loss is not a national calamity. Its longer continuance might have fostered still further national corruption.

But when that genius, taking a lofty aim, pursues it with all its power, illustrates it by life, and works, and words—sacrifices to it wealth, opportunity, ease—and cheerfully perils its fame and all that a man can lose, except character—when that genius ceases among men the nation has lost one of the influences that helped to assure its perpetuity and development. For it has lost a man whose life promoted the public faith in the highest and purest principle. A thousand ripe scholars, and brilliant orators, and humorists might die, and only the loving circle of their private friends be poorer. But when a public man dies, whose life was a long self-sacrifice, an earnest and hopeful and effective effort—whom old men regret as if a staff had been taken—whom young men remember as if a friend were suddenly silent—whom the great body of serious, resolute, faithful citizens have honored as a pioneer of public principle—then every man suffers, for every man has lost a friend.

How many men in the country must have felt this when they learned that Horace Mann was dead!

TOSSING TUBS TO WHALES.

THERE is a perennial pudding-headedness in what are called, by distinction, English politics, which nothing disturbs. The quality in the English nature which is symbolized by the name John Bull—and by the stocky, agricultural, testy, top-booted and squat-hatted individual in the pictures of *Punch*—is the quality which perpetuates the belief that France is always hungry for England, and at any moment can hardly contain herself from crossing the Channel and marching to the sack of London.

Lord Lyndhurst, aged eighty-eight, and a singularly vigorous old gentleman, has recently started the old tune, and the country is in full cry. There is no infamy which, by implication, England has not heaped upon Louis Napoleon, which would not be a matter of surprise if Louis Napoleon had not come over and kissed the Queen at Windsor, and if the Queen had not gone over and dined with Louis Napoleon at Cherbourg. It might not be at all surprising if France were not the present most affectionate ally of England.

Fortunately in the latter country, while the pudding-head is perennial, so is common sense, and what is better, uncommon sense. Therefore Mr. Cobden rose the other day in Parliament and said, in the plainest way—"While the Government were telling us that they had confidence in the Emperor, they presented us with a bill of four or five millions (pounds sterling) for the increase of our armaments to protect us against him." Of course, he says, the country doesn't believe the Foreign Secretary, and he proves it. Then he asks quietly what proof there is that France wishes to invade England; and insists that Englishmen shall not be guilty of the absurdity of supposing that France will deliberately become a savage, filibustering nation.

Mr. Cobden's speech is luminous with good sense. He is no friend or admirer of Louis Napoleon. He says that if he had had to speak of him, he "should not have fallen into quite such a high strain of compliment as had been used." But he evidently thinks that the Emperor of France is no fool, and that he has some other central political idea than "revenging Waterloo." He shows that the English and French trade unites the nations by the strong, national cement of mutual interest; and he shows that not only is the English navy very much larger and more effective than the French, but that it has increased much more rapidly, and that France has fortified only to keep pace with English fortifying.

It is remarkable that on the day preceding Mr. Cobden's speech the Paris *Constitutionnel* had said: "Now that the mass of English journals, losing all moderation and dignity, are not careful to preserve toward the Emperor the respect which the French press has never failed to show toward the Queen, what does it matter? We appeal to good sense, to the public intelligence against such excesses, and justice is done."

How utterly ridiculous the periodical English panic is in contrast with such command of temper as that! If England really believes that France is going to fall to, upon the first opportunity, she ought certainly to raise so many bayonets upon her surface as will serve at least to scratch the French throat well as she goes down. If she does not believe it, why allow vigorous old gentlemen of eighty-eight to set the country by the ears? We do not believe that Lord John Russell has the slightest apprehension; and when he asks for four millions of pounds, the call is made not for the purpose of throwing up fortifications against French Zouaves, but of throwing tubs to English whales.

JULIUS SLINKTON AND JANUS WEATHERCOCK.

THE little sketch which Mr. Dickens has lately written for the *Ledger* is obviously suggested by the story of Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, whom the reader of Talfourd's Life of Lamb and of the old London Magazine will remember. His story was revived in public interest when Bulwer's novel of "Lucretia" was published, the heroine of which was a poisoner; and recent developments of the same crime in England have still perpetuated his black name.

Dickens's Mr. Julius Slinkton is Bulwer's Honoré Gabriel Varney—the "Janus Weathercock" of the old London Magazine, of the bright days of Elia. Talfourd says of him:

"He was then a young man, on the bright side of thirty, with a sort of undress, military air, and the conversation of a smart, lively, clever, heartless, voluptuous coxcomb. It was whispered that he had been an officer in the Dragoons; had spent more than one fortune; and he now condescended to take a part in periodical literature, with the careless grace of an amateur who now felt himself above it. He was an artist also; sketched boldly and graphically; exhibited a port-folio of his own drawings of female beauty, in which the voluptuous trembled on the borders of the indelicate, and seized on the critical department of the Fine Arts, both in and out of the Magazine, undisturbed by the presence or pretension of the finest critic on art who ever wrote—William Hazlitt. On this subject he composed for the Magazine, under the signature of 'Janus Weathercock,' articles of flashy assumption, in which disdainful notices of living artists were set off by fascinating references to the personal appearance, accomplishments, and luxurious appliances of the writer, ever the first hero of his essay. He created a new sensation in the sedate circle not only by his braided surtouts, jeweled fingers, and various neck-handkerchiefs, but by ostentatious contempt for every thing in the world but elegant enjoyment."

Bulwer's preface to "Lucretia" is dated November 1, 1816, and he says in it that the crimes related in it "took place within the last seventeen years." He does not pretend to reproduce the exact details, but only the general character of the crimes; having in view, he says, "two criminals existing in our own age, so remarkable, whether from the extent and darkness of the guilt committed, whether from the glittering accomplishments and lively temper of the one," etc.

The production of "Lucretia" was followed by such a critical cry of disgust and indignation, that, in the collected edition of his works, Bulwer speaks "A word to the Public," in which he defends his writings; but he softens the catastrophe of the novel. In "A word to the Public" he thus speaks of Wainwright: "The person whose guilt is certainly not exaggerated in Varney was an artist, a musician, a critic, and a writer of liveliness and versatility. In his correspondence he appears to have skimmed the surface of a large and various reading, speaks familiarly of Kant, and hints at a translation of Schelling."

Wainwright died in Botany Bay, whither he was sent in punishment of a criminal career so dark and diabolically secret as hardly to be surpassed in criminal annals. His story, and that of the more recent cases in England, illustrates the fact that a terrible Nemesis rules our civilization, and that new forms of social advantage only develop new forms of crime.

THE POET SHELLEY.

TICKNOR has just republished the memorials of Shelley, by his son's wife, Lady Shelley. They have been prepared to correct what she considers the misstatements of the Life of the poet, of which two volumes were published last year, written by Mr. Thomas Jefferson Hogg.

There is something extremely droll in this association of names: a Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley by Thomas Jefferson Hogg. The work was to be completed in four large volumes; but Lady Shelley intimates that the Shelley family have been so displeased with Mr. Hogg's performance of his task that much of the material has been withdrawn. This is a great pity, for there are few more vivid, faithful, picturesque, and fascinating biographies in literature than Hogg's Shelley. We do not remember to have seen a single notice of it in this country, and the London journals evidently did not know what to make of it.

Mr. Hogg was one of Shelley's earliest friends. He was at Oxford with him, and when Shelley was expelled for his famous little tract, Hogg was expelled for defending him; after that time they lived together frequently, and were always in correspondence, and since Shelley's death Hogg has contributed various papers about him to the magazines. Who Mr. Hogg is, and why he bears the name of Thomas Jefferson, he does not, in his two volumes already published, tell us. We gather that he is the son of an English country gentleman, and from his name we assume that the English country gentleman was a man of liberal principles. Supposing him to have been born about the same time as Shelley, he would now be about sixty-eight.

Mr. Hogg tells a great deal about himself, and, consciously or not, for it is hard to say, he has a vein of quite original humor. We have hardly laughed over any book more since Pickwick. Shelley, in his boyhood, was such a grotesque, unrestrained figure, full of such whims and eccentricities—such an immortally innocent and indignant boy in the midst of a world of hard and selfish men. And yet the picture of his life is full of tender pathos. The tragedy and comedy have the same source. His genius was as pure, but as flickering as a flame in the wind. And with a masterly delicacy of descriptive skill its waywardness is reproduced for us in Hogg's Life.

Of course, it is so honest, so faithful in the least detail, whether flattering to family pride or not, that it is not surprising Lady Shelley and the living relatives of the poet felt as if the revelation were too absolute. There was never a life or a character laid more entirely bare; and whoever has been a faithful student of Shelley's works and the vague sketches of his life which have been published, will find his impressions of the poet's personality fully confirmed by this extraordinary book. Lady Shelley's attempt to supply a biography is of no value. She mentions only certain external facts of his life; but there is no portrait of the man or the poet in her work; nothing which illustrates the harmony between his poetry and his daily existence. This is done with singular felicity in Hogg's Life of him, which we sincerely hope may not be cut short by the official memorials.

It is a curious fact in literary history, that the poet who has been more traduced and misunderstood than any English author of fame should be the subject of one of the best biographies in the language. We ought to repeat that Hogg's book is full of quaint and queer anecdotes of himself, and his own adventures and thoughts. But they all illustrate the time and country; and they are all so racy that no worthy reader will quarrel with him. The interest in the poet is hardly sufficient to warrant the republication in this country of so large a work; but it is, probably, to be found at the larger libraries—or ought to be.

THE NEW GOLD AND THE OLD CIVILIZATION.

MR. BUCKLE, in his "History of Civilization," reasserts with great force the theory which has been not infrequently suggested as a question and hypothesis, that the earliest civilization of this continent was substantially the same as that of Asia. He fortifies his position very strongly; and the recent discoveries of gold ornaments in Indian graves in New Granada will be good news to the historian. They have an East Indian and even an Egyptian aspect. There is among them the skeleton of the Scarabæus, and there are curious resemblances which observers will detect as indicating the same condition of civilization as the monuments of the Nile and India. The gold in many cases is as pure as can be worked, and the casting is as skillful (so we are assured by adepts) as it would be in London or New York to-day. The designs, of course, are crude.

Thus the materials of correct historic generalization are being exhumed all the time, and the theories of historians are perpetually on trial. Buckle's proposition is to give a purely scientific basis to the laws of civilization, which he affirms are as intelligible and calculable as any other laws. His natural exclamation when he hears of the Chiriqui gold will be, "Of course!" The obvious difficulty in his case is a just generalization. Most of the so-called religious assaults upon Buckle's theory have been superficial misconceptions. For since the idea of law, in its very essence and of whatever kind, proceeds from that of God, no philosopher who explores and confirms any law in nature, which is altogether merely the method of the divine operation, can be honestly accused of atheism or irreligion.

There are many now living who will doubtless see many proofs, in the course of natural discoveries, of the justice or the injustice of his views. And when any man tries to help us in this cloudy world, the meanest thing we can do is to fling dirt at him.

FROM A TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—I hasten to let you know that your old friends, the Hogs, are upon their summer travels. Last week I was going by the early train to Albany, and observed a gentleman near me, sitting alone, and sound asleep. We stopped at Garrison's, and four hoops entered the car, from West Point. There were no seats entirely unoccupied, and the oldest hoop planted itself near my sleeping neighbor, and said, in decided tones, "Some of these people have got to move, to let us sit down."

My drowsy neighbor was roused, and rubbing his eyes, looked up and saw four hoops standing near him, and confusedly he heard the words I have quoted. He jumped up and said, "I beg your pardon; here is a seat," and moved out with his umbrella and hand-bag. Down plumped the older hoop and one companion, while the gentleman stood in the aisle looking at her.

I knew what he was waiting for, but the hoop did not. I am sure he was waiting to hear "Thank you!" but he waited in vain. Afterward, when he offered the seat which he had found just behind me to a colored woman who was going to Poughkeepsie, she said, "No, I thank you; I shall find a seat somewhere—"

So, afterward, upon the Central Road, a young gentleman had put his bag and paper and book and so forth upon the seat beside him. Another passenger came, looking for a seat. "Is this seat engaged?" asked he, courteously. "No," said the young gentleman. "I will sit here, then," returned the other. Whereupon the young gentleman began very slowly and reluctantly to remove his luggage, as if he were conferring the greatest possible favor upon the intruder.

The Conductor told me afterward that he had no trouble about seats—"if the people are gentlemen."

I hope you will continue to expose this selfishness and tell us stories of the Hogs.

Yours truly,
OLIVER OCULUS.

A RISING STAR.

A YOUNG American, a Philadelphian, we believe, of German parentage, Herman Vezin, has made some sensation in London as an actor. Some of the papers praise him in the highest degree; but—we say it with the profoundest deference to the craft—a man who has had some newspaper experience listens to the warm praise of singers and actors very much as he hears a jockey praise a horse. It *may* be very true. The horse shall have the benefit of the doubt. So the critic may be very sincere—let the actor have the benefit of the chance.

Mr. Vezin has been accustomed to the theatre in Germany, so that he is not precisely a tyro; and it was not without careful study and some years' experience that he appealed to the London world in the character of Macbeth. He followed with Hamlet, Shylock, and Richard the Third; and all the representations were apparently marked with the same characteristics—careful study, refined perception, and a poetic enthusiasm.

There is certainly an opportunity for another great actor. If Mr. Vezin make good his claims, he will find few rivals in the field to contest his honors.

We were curious to see what the cool and cautious and American-hating *Athenæum* would say of him; and this is its report. It is really very patronizing:

> "A new candidate for histrionic fame has appeared at the transpontine theatre under the direction of Mr. Creswick; and made some impression. Mr. Vezin is the name of the tragedian who courted the opinion of the public at once in the characters of Macbeth and Hamlet, and assumed his right to the highest professional rank. To that it may be readily conjectured he has but little claim. Mr. Vezin, however, has considerable merit. He performs with ease, taste, and genial enthusiasm. His manner is natural, unconstrained, and energetic. Not seldom he is warmed by a certain inspiration; and his conception of character is obvious. His figure, however, is slight, and his vocal powers limited; so that his physical requisites are not answerable to his ambition. In characters of less weight he would undoubtedly prove a serviceable and improving actor. He is young, and therefore presents grounds of hope; intelligent, and therefore deserving of patronage. We shall be happy to hear of his success."

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—CONSTANT READER. Rudd & Carleton are the publishers of the translation of "L'Amour."

—A RESIDENT. The best way is for the proprietor to send an advertisement of the advantages of his hotel.

—INQUIRER. The Pope's triple crown signifies his ecclesiastical, civil, and judicial supremacy.

—JUVENIS may be very sure that the Lounger could not laugh at his verses, even if he thought them ludicrous, after what he says. They have feeling, but they do not indicate any talent that would be successful in literature. Has he not mistaken the taste and the wish for the power?

OUR NEWPORT CORRESPONDENCE.

The Visit of the Yachts.—The Regatta.—Colonel Magruder's Fête at the Fort.—The Drive thither en tête-à-tête.—*Soirées Dansantes.—The Bellevue.—The Ocean House.—Mary Jane's Prospects.—Advantages of Men with Horses.—The Philimore and Atlantic.—W. Wetmore, Esq.—The Mexican Minister's Cook.—The Newporters proper.—Réunion of Children of Newport, etc., etc.*

NEWPORT, *August* 19, 1850.

IT is difficult to make a selection amidst the variety of themes which are present this week to your Newport correspondent. This week, which may perhaps be considered the culminating point of "the season," and in which every thing seems to have combined to "top up" joy and excitement, until, certainly at this house, we may take for our motto the poet's words—

> "Come hither, come hither, by night and by day,
> We linger in pleasures that never are gone!"

But perhaps the prettiest incident of the past week was the visit of the "yachts." We saw these, the first time unexpectedly, the evening they arrived. It was at the golden sunset hour, the waters of the bay hushed, yet glowing like a beauteous bride beneath the gorgeous light (nowhere are the sunsets finer than here); and it was then that these lovely yachts, like messenger birds, glided in and anchored one by one. Never, in any land, did we ever witness a sight so poetic and so graceful. The vessels seemed made for the scenes around, the scenes around for them.

The day of the Regatta, or "Yacht Race," proved another heavenly morning, and besides the interest of the sport, it gave the occasion for various "morning parties," which are perhaps, after all, what are most agreeable and best adapted to the circumstances of our Newport life. There was a distinguished party visiting the Commodore in his yacht, the *Maria*, and who remained until the return of the contending vessels, and from the sounds of music and merriment which greeted our ears *en passant* we should imagine the guests were well entertained.

Then, too, that amiable Colonel Magruder, to whom the Newport world are in so many ways indebted, had the considerate thought, at the Wednesday evening party at the Ocean House, to invite many of those present to come the next morning and witness the regatta from the ramparts of *his* Fort. What a pleasant suggestion this was to many there! What a charming impromptu opportunity of toying for a drive with the lady of one's thoughts, which would not have been ventured upon in the usual course of things! You will please to imagine, dear readers, such speeches as this being made in the pauses of the waltz, or even the *en avant* of the contredanse:

"That dear Colonel, bless him! is arranging a morning party for the Fort to-morrow. Surely Mr. —— will not object to my driving you there? It is not the same thing as the regular afternoon drive, when all eyes are upon one, and spiteful Miss ——'s in particular. I will propose it in an off-hand way, and I am sure he will consent."

This "dodge" succeeded, as we can testify; and so did some others, which we may imagine were "tried on" something after this fashion:

"So, Mrs. ——, you all are going to the Fort to see the regatta to-morrow morning? It will be a capital place to see it all; but you will be sadly crowded in the barouche. You had better let me drive Miss Adelaide in my buggy."

As the little boys and girls of this family were clamorous to go and see the "yacht race," this too succeeded, though the same proposition had always been before refused by "papa" and "mamma."

Ah! me; we hope the kind Colonel did no mischief by his hospitable invitation—that he promised happiness thereby is certain, but that is sometimes a dangerous thing; and so too are these *tête-à-tête* drives in phaeton or buggy in a fine summer morning.

The sense of isolation—the escape *at last* from eyes that seem ever prying into one's inmost feelings—the rapid motion, which leaves no chance for the whisperings of conscience or remorse, or of any memories but of those so *near* it, may be so *dear* to us! But we will not dwell further upon what we all know about so well; and those who do not are to be pitied, and those who do?—perhaps still more. *We* felt too enthusiastic and aquatic not to scorn aught but "a boat" on this occasion; and so we joined a "water party" and missed the Colonel's, excepting from the animated descriptions of those who were there. It seems to have been quite perfect. All "our fashion" and all "our beauty" were congregated, and there were tents to protect these from the burning sun, and the Germanians playing to enliven the scene; and iced-punch and other delicate drinkables awaited the thirsty at the quarters of the gallant Colonel.

We say nothing of the race or the winner of it; for are not these written elsewhere? but we must record our impression that the scene altogether, for picturesque beauty and effect, was such as to be seldom equaled, and not to be surpassed.

There continue to be frequent *soirées dansantes* at the different hotels, as well as *matinées* at the Bellevue, which seem to be particularly enjoyed by the young and the pretty—those that can stand daylight best. We have two regular nights here, the Wednesdays and Saturdays; and, upon the whole, they seem to be the most popular. To be sure it is the fashion to cry out against them, and for fine ladies to declare their disgust at being pushed about by "parvenus," and compelled to mingle with "artistes;" but the fine ladies continue to come notwithstanding. One reason for this is, perhaps, to be found in the undoubted fact that it is at the Ocean House that the best men are most surely to be met with; and though we do not mean to insinuate that this could influence the proceedings of these fair creatures for themselves, yet those that have daughters are in duty bound to take it into consideration. And so it is that the soirées at our "House" continue to collect all that is youngest, and fairest, and most marketable in the society. Says "Mrs. Caudle" to "Mr. Caudle," as she laid her head upon her pillow late last Saturday night,

"It would be so charming if our Mary Jane, who is so pretty and accomplished, so well born and well bred, could captivate young ——. He has such a fine fortune, and positively left to him by a *grandfather*, with several pretty little additions by legacies from maiden aunts, until it has accumulated into a handsome rent roll."

"And so it would be a choice marriage for pretty Mary Jane, kind mamma; and if young —— is at present too much engrossed with the matronly charms of Madame S—— to think of your daughter's virgin ones, there are several others, none perhaps quite so desirable, and some rather tough in years and experience, who, as gay bachelors, have

> "Spent winters in Paris, and winters at Rome,
> With summers at Baden, and summers at home;"

but they are rich, and have fine horses, and a position in the best society, and withal, even aristocratic names. By all means, therefore, continue to bring Mary Jane to our parties—none can be more acceptable there."

We do not wonder that in this scene of luxury and amusement, where it is evident that wealth alone can procure and perpetuate the gratifications that all are so eagerly pursuing, that to make a rich marriage should seem the essential thing to both mothers and daughters. We can understand that a man possessed of horses and equipage in this fine weather when every one wants to be driving with the rest of the world over "the beaches," would—all other things being equal—have decidedly the advantage over the man who could only propose to a young lady a hot and dusty walk thither. Ah! it is an age when Jupiters and showers of gold are more likely to win their way than Apollos with all their attributes. "Was it so in our time?" Alas! that was long ago; but believe us it is, as Pope says, "Best *repenting* in a coach and six."

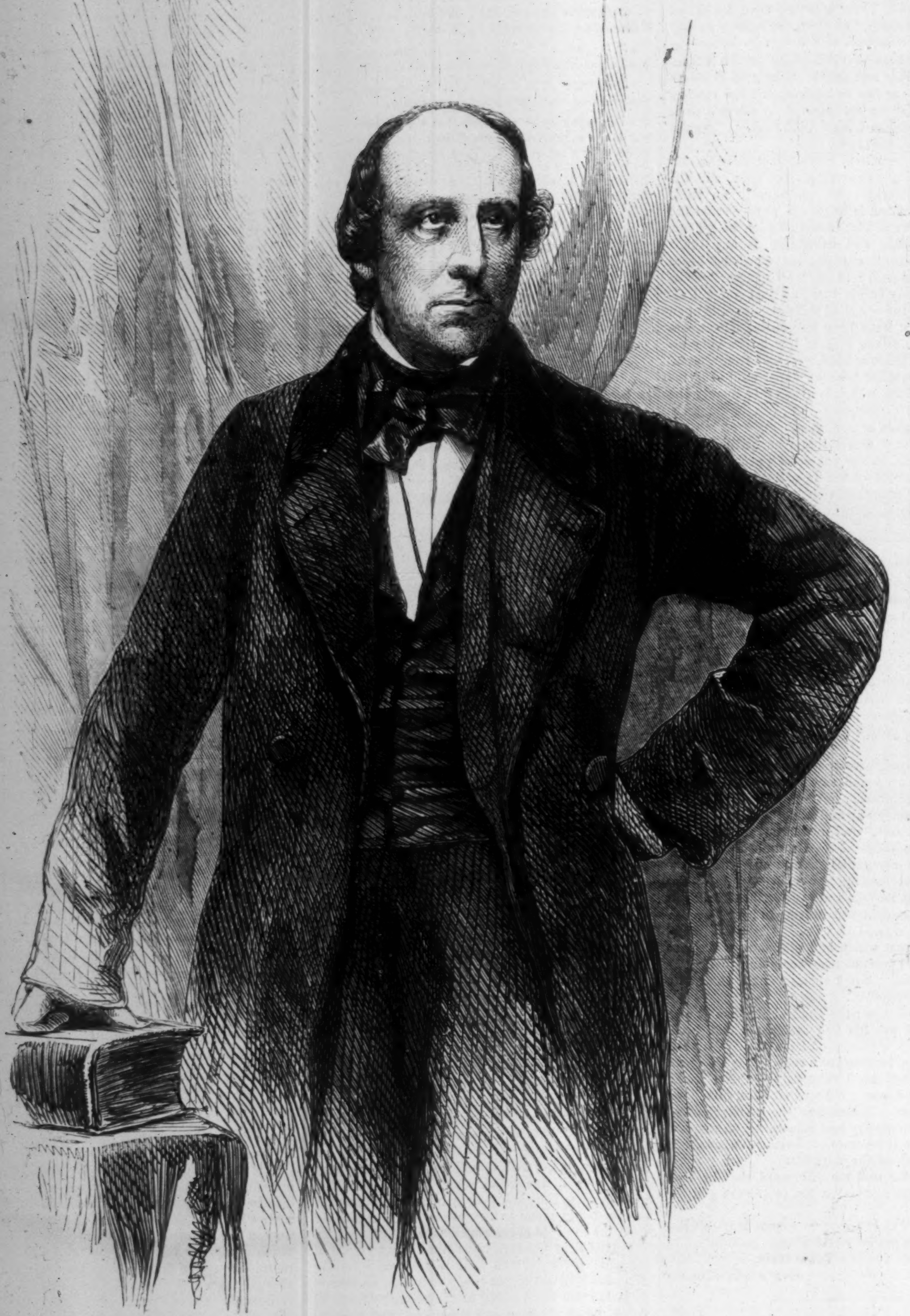
We have not yet been to any of the Bellevue soirées, but suppose they are very much like the others. Those of the "Philimore" continue to be pleasant and well attended, while the same at the Atlantic are decidedly "slow," the men *habitués* there being either old bachelors so crusty and impenetrable as to be quite disregarded, or juveniles almost too tender even for dancing, and only equal to the duty of him of their name "who handed the ice tired nature demanded."

But do not think that all is joy and gladness in our society, or that because Newport looks a paradise in this bright summer weather, the wail of sorrow is not to be heard there as elsewhere, where human beings are congregated. There has been much sympathy felt with the family of W. Wetmore, Esq., who has been alarmingly ill; and though there are now hopes of recovery, the sufferings of the kind friend and father have overcast this "chateau" with gloom and dread.

We felt sorry, too, for the fate of the poor French cook of the Mexican Minister, who did not kill himself, like his renowned confrère of French history, because the tide did not bring in the sea-fish for the dinner of his master's kingly guests, but was positively overwhelmed by the tide, and himself drowned when bathing. Poor stranger! There have been some sad and serious accidents, too, from reckless riding and driving, and there will be more unless such is put a stop to.

But do not think that all the joy and amusement in Newport is confined to the gay world of the hotels, or even the "chateaux" and "cottages." Newport has a population of its own perhaps more numerous even than most New England towns of the same size. These pursue the even tenor of their way, amused but untroubled by the gay strangers, who little reck or care of their existence. Do you see that pretty open carriage in which a young son is driving "mamma" and several pretty young children, while papa and a friend or two are stoutly trudging along with fishing-rods over their shoulders? These are bent upon a picnic and a day's fishing and sauntering upon "the rocks," where the children will gather inmates for the aquarium, and "mamma" watch them and read and work a little through the long summer day.

Unlike most places of this sort, which seem mere resorts of fashion, Newport has space and pleasures for all; and next week she has invited hither her "children" proper from all parts of the country where the current of life's stream may have drifted them, and in whatever station their lot may be cast, and they are to meet here to rejoice with their old mother city once again. We have heard it shrewdly insinuated that the "old mother" is rather embarrassed to know what to do with her guests when she gets them here. Be this as it may, it seems that the invitation has been eagerly accepted. We have even heard of one lady—a true daughter she must be—who has positively crossed the Atlantic to be present on this occasion. The meeting is to be next week, and if it comes off in time for our pages shall be duly recorded.



REV. DR. BELLOWS.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]

REV. DR. BELLOWS.

Henry Whitney Bellows was born in Boston, June 11, 1814. His father was John Bellows, a merchant of that city, and grandson of Colonel Benjamin Bellows, who was a man of considerable note in the last century, the founder of the town of Walpole, New Hampshire, where his name is a household word—not only from his numerous descendants, but from the picturesque Falls that bear his name.

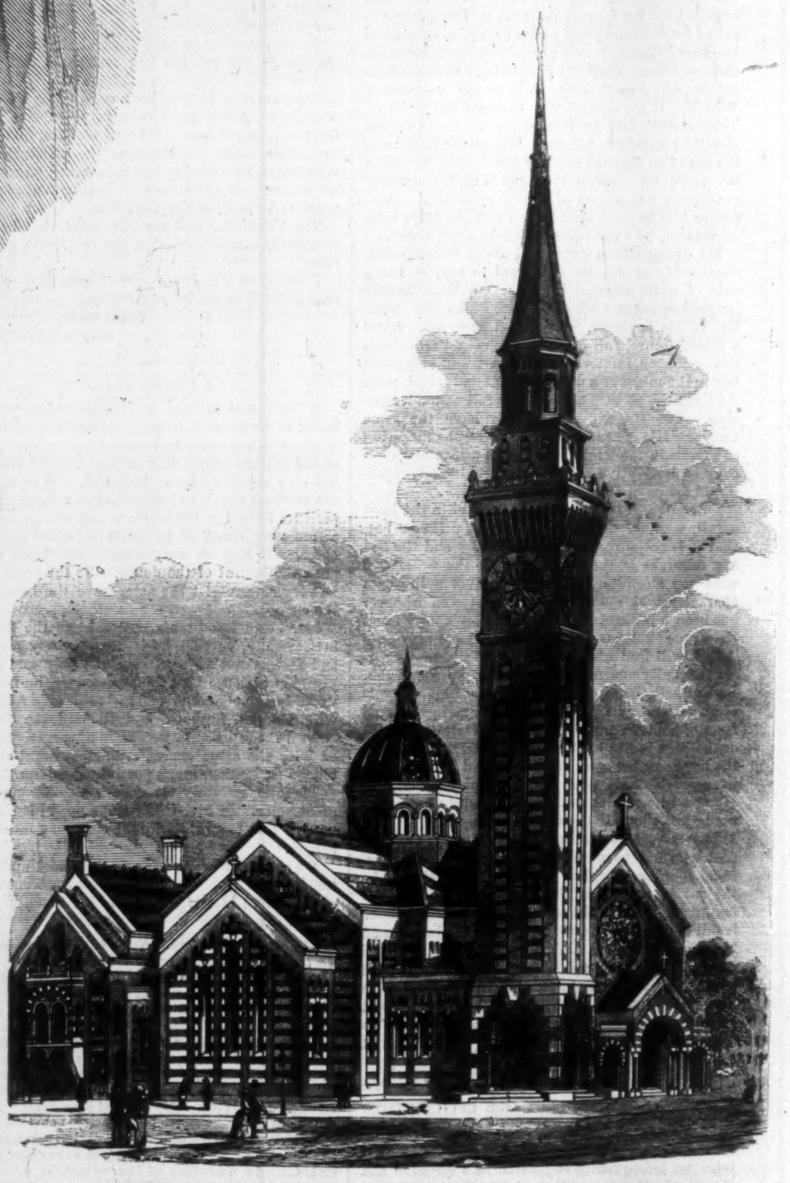
Considering the somewhat emphatic individuality of our high-spirited neighbor, the Doctor, he came into the world under circumstances peculiarly social. His twin-brother was Edward S. Bellows, who studied law at Cambridge, and starting in his profession with rare promise, died in Michigan at the early age of twenty-three. We remember this young man, as he was when at the law-school, a model of manly strength, full of enthusiasm, and with not a few of the characteristic traits that mark his surviving brother, especially a large share of impulse and self-reliance. Henry studied for college at the famous Round Hill School, under the instruction of Dr. Cogswell and George Bancroft. He entered Harvard University in 1828, and graduated in 1832, in the same class with Charles T. Brooks, Charles Mason, Samuel Osgood, John Parkman, George F. Simmons, Charles K. True, George T. Curtis, and others. In the early part of his college life—having entered at fourteen—he was a playful boy, without any marked aspiration; but as he shot up toward manly stature he seemed to become a different person, so that his class-mates could hardly look upon the earnest young man of eighteen as the same being with the sportive stripling whose blue cap and round jacket were less juvenile than his speech and manners. The class was somewhat distinguished for its religious and theological interest; and one fourth of the members chose divinity as their profession. Bellows in his Senior year shared strongly in this interest, and when but eighteen years of age he joined a private religious society of students; and we well remember with what fervor he offered a prayer and read a devout essay when it was his turn to conduct the service.

He did not, however, begin the study of his profession immediately with the large number of his class-mates, who at once entered the Divinity School at Cambridge, but spent two years in teaching—one year in Cooperstown, New York; the other in Louisiana. In 1834 he began his professional studies at that school, and completed his theological course there in 1837. He preached with considerable *éclat* in several pulpits in New England, and spent the following winter at Mobile, Alabama, in charge of the new Unitarian Church in that city. Returning to the North, he was soon invited to the post which he still holds; and January 2, 1839, he was ordained pastor of the "First Congregational Church," as it is legally styled, being successor to the gifted William Ware. He was married August 18, 1839, to Eliza, daughter of Elihu Townsend, a merchant of New York, and has had five children, two of whom, a son and daughter, survive.

By his influence in the main, *The Christian Inquirer*, the weekly newspaper of the New York Unitarians, was established in 1846, and he was editor and principal writer until the middle of 1850, when impaired health obliged him to lighten his labors. Since then he has been at times compelled to spare himself some of the cares of his profession, yet has abated nothing of his early zeal; but has, on the other hand, done his most conspicuous work. He took the lead in securing to the Meadville Theological School its endowment and direction; and but for his influence Antioch College must, to all appearance, have been crushed by its debts. He has, from time to time, given characteristic public addresses outside the routine of the pulpit, the most memorable of which were the oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, in 1853, on the "Ledger and the Lexicon;" and his noted Address on the Drama, at the Academy of Music, New York, in 1857. He gave in Boston, in 1857, before the Lowell Institute, an elaborated and attractive course of lectures on Pauperism and Crime, a part of which were afterward repeated in this city. In 1854 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Harvard University.

Considering his public note and various literary labors, Dr. Bellows has not given the public any one work which fully embodies his gifts and fitly records his name among American authors. He has spoken and written for the demands of the time and the occasion, and has been too much under the spur of fresh themes and interests, or too impatient of task-work, to revise and publish, as frequently requested, selections from the voluminous and elaborate papers which have come from his pen. He has, indeed, published twenty or thirty sermons and addresses, but these have been too fugitive and miscellaneous to give him his due place among our thinkers and writers. He has written copiously for four years as editor; and during that time, and since, he has expressed his views in the columns of the *Inquirer* upon the chief topics of civil, moral, and religious interest. Yet his sermons are probably the best products of his mind, and for twenty years he has been an earnest and laborious sermonizer; varying, indeed, very much in opinions at various times, yet always true to the same leading dispositions, and as conspicuous for devout fervor as for bold statement. Among Unitarians he has been usually ranked among the Liberals, or Progressives; yet he has never identified himself with the Rationalists, who deny a supernatural revelation, with its miraculous sanctions; and in some of his preached and printed arguments he has carried his evangelical views near the borders of orthodoxy. His position however is, in the main, with the Channing School of Unitarian Christians, alike in the assertion of the Divine mission of Christ, the dignity of humanity, and the application of religion to daily life.

After all that we may say, however, of the opinions and productions of Dr. Bellows, we have a very inadequate idea of him apart from his personal character and presence. He is not an eccentric, but a very peculiar personality; and we describe him about as adequately by a criticism of his writings as we describe the grapes of Burgundy or the Rhine by a chemist's statement of their constituent elements, or a botanist's description of their size and looks. Bellows is a *character;* and, as such, he makes his mark far more than as a scholar or even as a thinker. There is a geniality in him that opens at once the hearts of friends and hearers, and seats you as a guest at his bountiful table, where you tell your secrets and share his confidence. No man carries more of this geniality into the pulpit; and his past success seems to us to have been mainly owing to his breaking down the old barrier between the pulpit and pews, and virtually taking the pews with him into the pulpit. Yet he does not let the pulpit down, but is rather conspicuous for his assertion of its dignity, and sometimes carries very far his clerical prerogative, so as to try not a little the humility of his hearers; not hesitating to offend their political and social convictions, or to pull boldly at their purse-strings for favorite charities and projects, in spite of their stout and often vain determination to keep them rigidly tied up. In fact, he has a deal of a certain lofty pride in his composition; and were he not kindly and sympathetic—to his friends, indeed, the best fellow in the world—his love of having his own way would make him at times something of a despot. He however strains his prerogative, generally, not for personal but for public aims, and there is a dash of generosity about his occasional touches of imperialism that wins plaudits from the many and a good-natured smile from the few. In justice to him, however, it must be said that he oftener declines than assumes the purple, and in the essentials of humility he surpasses many more desponding men. Not by any conceit or self-seeking, but by a certain motion of the blood, a necessity of temperament, that wins quite as much acquiescence from friends as from himself, he tends to



CHURCH OF ALL SOULS, NEW YORK.—DR. BELLOWS PASTOR.

take the lead; and a bright talker has hit off the spontaneous leadership which is thus doubly put upon him somewhat happily in styling him "Boss Bellows." Certainly, if he had been bred to mechanic arts, he would have been chosen Boss by acclamation of his workmen. He certainly has rare gifts as leader; and decided as his influence has been in his own parish and denomination, his intimate friends are aware that he has but half used his powers; and that, by following too much the moods of his own mind, and from want of a sufficiently constant and consistent method of thought and action, he has often electrified hearers or readers for the hour instead of organizing a fellowship or inaugurating a polity. In some respects he is more the Murat than the Napoleon; the leader of a dashing charge rather than the general of a far-seeing campaign. Yet in passages of his life he has given proofs of great generalship both in his plans and achievements. In some respects, especially in electric power, he is probably the most marked man in his denomination; and with more caution and persistency, he might do a great deal to unite and organize his unbanded associates into a strong and effective fellowship. If, however, he has something of Wesley's command, he has less of his patient labor and careful detail; and surely the old Methodism would have been nowhere without an organizing method, and Whitefield's fire would have burned out had not Wesley's thought devised a furnace for keeping it always alive in the churches. Of late Dr. Bellows seems to have been obviously conscious of the impulsive and fragmentary nature of his earlier labors, and his attention has been given, in accordance with his large nature and catholic spirit, to subjects of church order and devout discipline. While he claims more recreation for overtasked toil, and vindicates the drama from its revilers, he asserts most earnestly the worth and authority of the Church, and aims to win his brethren to a better understanding and practice of Liberal Churchmanship. He evidently wishes to have fair play for the whole of humanity, alike its festive and its devout side. As to the report of Dr. Bellows going over to Rome, it is absurdity itself. He is in the very grain one of the Liberals and the Liberators of our time; and if his Holiness the Pope should receive him at the Vatican as an alleged convert, after a short interview he would pronounce him as terribly Protestant even in his Catholicity, and would entreat him to depart without rehearsing his bold and romantic visions in the ears of his excitable young clergy. In fact, he would not give Bellows lodging for a night!

To not a few Dr. Bellows is a puzzle—a strange mixture of dispassionate argument and impulsive enthusiasm; a devotee in prayer, and a jovial companion in society; a radical and a conservative, a democrat and an aristocrat, a transcendentalist and a churchman, a man of the world and an evangelist. They who know him well see in him, throughout, the same genial, earnest heart, and keen, electric intellect; in fact, the same consistent character, if not always the same consistent thinker and leader. He has revolved pretty loyally about one centre; and a fair retrospection of his career, far more than his own enthusiastic interpretations of the separate stages of his experience, must substantiate the integrity of the man and his labors. His disposition to treat the present impression as final, and to urge the mood of the hour as the conviction of a lifetime, comes more from his blood than his brain. His brain of itself is quite cool, while his blood is soon heated; and he might be a good metaphysician if it were not for his impulsive temperament. He comes of the old Norman stock, his ancestry being of William the Conqueror's retinue, and there is a good deal of the Celtic enthusiasm—a certain French fire—in his veins. This gives him at times a rare eloquence; and brings also, sometimes, its hectic to his style and thought. His oratory—for flow, fire, and effectiveness—is quite unique; and the hearer of his best efforts is at loss to understand why he is not at the head of sensation preachers, as he surely would be if he appealed more to the common heart, avoided redundancy of material and language, dealt less in intellectual niceties, and more in homely morality and everyday religion, and based his whole appeal more upon the wants of our common lot than upon the ideas and habits of a cultivated and prosperous caste. His humanity is broad and earnest, and no preacher feels more for *men* than he; yet it is not easy for one who has known so little of the necessity of struggle for bread and home to write and speak always with due feeling *with men*, or to realize that it is very hard to get a living; and that most of us need to be taught, and comforted, and strengthened in our everyday work, instead of being led to the heights of daring meditation, or fed upon the rarities of speculative invention. He is, we are aware, thoroughly a gentleman, and therefore can not deal in the vulgarisms that enter so largely into the usual sensation oratory; yet a little more fellow-feeling with our prosaic working-day life might give his eloquence more popular zest, without any taint of vulgarity. He feels for common men more deeply than most philanthropists, and he has written ably upon the condition of the poor; yet he does not always feel *with* them, as do some of the popular writers and speakers, who, having been obliged to rough it in their own early days, stand upon a level with the many, and so come home more to the common heart.

We say, in conclusion, that Dr. Bellows seems to us to belong to the order of Bunyan's Mr. Great-hearts, and is one of our public men whose genial and humane spirit brings us all within the circle of his fellowship. He is like a gushing fountain, whose waters all may drink, and feel refreshed by the draught. Long may the waters flow, and distant be the day when the fountain shall be sealed up!

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE DAY AFTER THE WEDDING.

"On the 23d instant, Alfred Dinks, Esq., of Boston, to Fanny, oldest daughter of Boniface Newt, Esq., of this city."

Fanny wrote the notice with her own hands, and made Alfred take it to the papers. In this manner she was before her mother-in-law in spreading the news. In this manner, also, as Boniface Newt, Esq., sat at breakfast the next morning, he learned of his daughter's marriage. His face grew almost purple. He looked apoplectic as he said to his wife,

"Nancy, what, in God's name, does this mean?"

His frightened wife asked what, and he read the announcement aloud.

"Didn't you know that Fanny was out last night?" asked he, sharply, as if he suspected for a moment that his wife knew of the marriage.

"She sent me word that she was going to pass the night with Laura Magot," replied Mrs. Newt, feebly, as she saw her husband's face.

He had risen from table, and walked up and down the room.

"Did you know any thing of this?" inquired he. "What does it mean?"

"Dear me! I thought he was engaged to Hope Wayne," replied Mrs. Newt, crying.

There was a moment's silence. Then Mr. Newt said, with a sneer,

"It seems to me that a mother whose daughter gets married without her knowledge is a very curious kind of mother—an extremely competent kind of mother."

He resumed his walking. Mrs. Newt went on with her weeping. Boniface Newt was aware of the possibilities in the case of Alfred, and therefore tried to recover himself and consider the chances.

"What do you know about this fellow?" said he, petulantly, to his wife.

"I don't know any thing in particular," she sobbed.

"Do you know whether he has money, or whether his father has?"

"No; but old Mr. Burt is his grandfather."

"What! his mother's father?"

"I believe so. I know Fanny always said he was Hope Wayne's cousin."

Mr. Newt pondered for a little while. His brow contracted.

"Why on earth have they run away? Did Mr. Burt's grandson suppose he would be unwelcome to me? Has he been in the habit of coming here, Nancy?"

"No, not much."

"Have you seen them since this thing?"

"No, indeed," replied the mother, bursting into tears afresh.

Her husband looked at her darkly.

"Don't blubber. What good does crying do? Good patience, if any thing happens in this world, a woman falls to crying her eyes out, as if that would help it."

Boniface Newt was not usually affectionate. But there was almost a ferocity in his address at this moment which startled his wife into silence. His daughter May turned pale as she saw and heard her father.

"I thought Abel was trial enough!" said he, bitterly; "and now the girl must fall to cutting up shines. I tell you plainly, Nancy, if Fanny has married a beggar, a beggar she shall be. There is some reason for a private marriage that we don't understand. It can't be any good reason; and, daughter or no daughter, she shall lie in the bed she has made."

He scowled and set his teeth as he said it. His wife did not dare to cry any more. May went to her mother and took her hand, while the father of the family walked rapidly up and down.

"Every thing comes at once," said he. "Just as I am most bothered and driven down town, this infernal business of Fanny's must needs happen. One thing I'm sure of—if it was all right it would not be a private wedding. What fools women are! And Fanny, whom I always thought so entirely able to take care of herself, turns out to be the greatest fool of all! This fellow's a booby, I believe, Mrs. Newt. I think I have heard even you make fun of him. But to be poor, too! To run away with a pauper-booby, by Heavens, it's too absurd!"

Mr. Newt laughed mockingly, while the tears flowed fast from the eyes of his wife, who said at intervals, "I vow," and "I declare," with such utter weakness of tone and movement that ~~her~~ husband suddenly exclaimed, in an exasperated tone,

"Nancy, if you don't stop rocking your body in that inane way, and shaking your hand and your handkerchief, and saying those imbecile things, I shall go mad. I suppose this is the kind of sympathy a man gets from a woman in his misfortunes!"

May Newt looked shocked and indignant. "Mother, I am sorry for poor Fanny," said she.

She said it quietly and tenderly, and without the remotest reference in look or tone or gesture to her father.

He turned toward her suddenly.

"Hold your tongue, miss!"

"Mamma, I shall go and see Fanny to-day," May continued, as if her father had not spoken. Her mother looked frightened, and looked at her deprecatingly—a look that said "For Heaven's sake, don't!" Her father regarded her for a moment in amazement.

"What do you mean, you little vixen? Let me catch you disobeying me and going to see this ungrateful, wicked girl, if you think fit!"

There was a moment in which May Newt turned pale, but she said, in a very low voice,

"I must go."

"May, I forbid your going," said Mr. Newt, severely and loudly.

"Father, you have no right to forbid me."

"I forbid your going," roared her father, planting himself in front of her, and quite white with wrath.

May said no more.

"A pretty family you have brought up, Mrs. Nancy Newt," said he, at length, looking at his wife with all the contempt which his voice expressed. "A son who ruins me by his extravagance, a daughter who runs away with—with"—he hesitated to remember the exact expression—"with a pauper booby, and another daughter who defies and disobeys her father. I congratulate you upon your charming family, upon your distinguished success, Mrs. Newt. Is there no younger brother of your son-in-law whom you might introduce to Miss May Newt? I beg your pardon, she is Miss Newt, now that her sister is so happily married," said Boniface Newt, bowing ceremoniously to his daughter.

Mrs. Newt was stung to the soul. She clasped her hands in an utterly helpless despair, and unconsciously raised them in a beseeching attitude before her.

"The husband's duty takes him away from home," continued Mr. Newt. "While he is engrossed with heavy cares for the maintenance of his family he supposes that his wife is caring for his children, and that she has, at least, the smallest speck of an idea of what is necessary to be done to make them tolerably well behaved. Some husbands are doomed to be mistaken."

Boniface Newt bowed and smiled sarcastically.

"Yes, and as if it were not enough to have my wife such a model trainer—and my son so careful—and my daughter so obedient—and my younger daughter so affectionate—I must also have trials in my business. I expected a great loan from Van Boozenberg's bank, and I haven't got it. He's an old driveling fool. Mrs. Newt, you must curtail expenses. There's one mouth less, and one Stewart's bill less, at any rate."

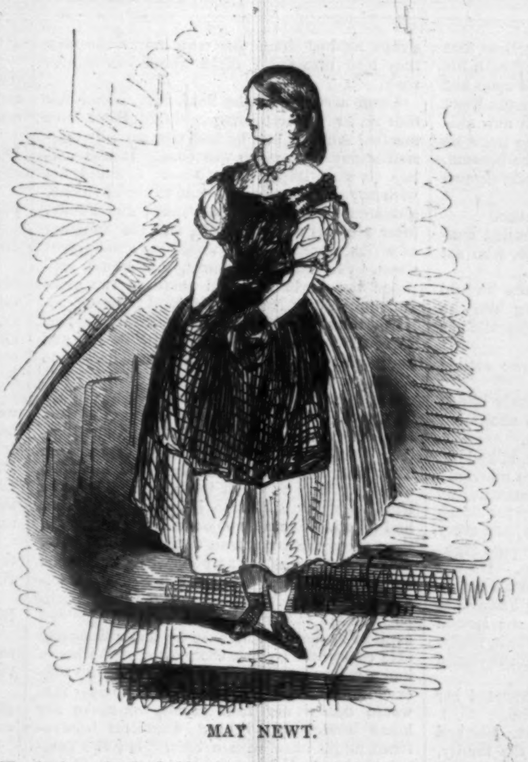
"Father," said May, as if she could not bear the cool cutting adrift of her sister from the family, "Fanny is not dead."

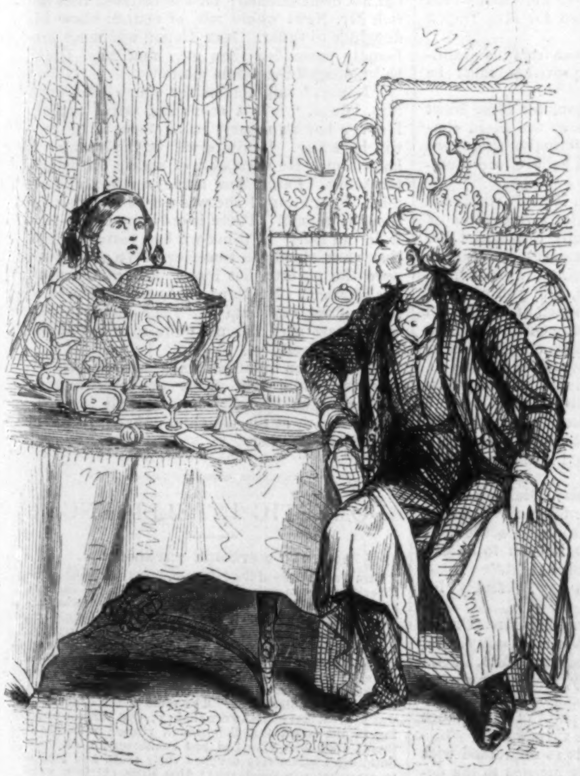
"No," replied her father, sullenly. "No, the more's the—"

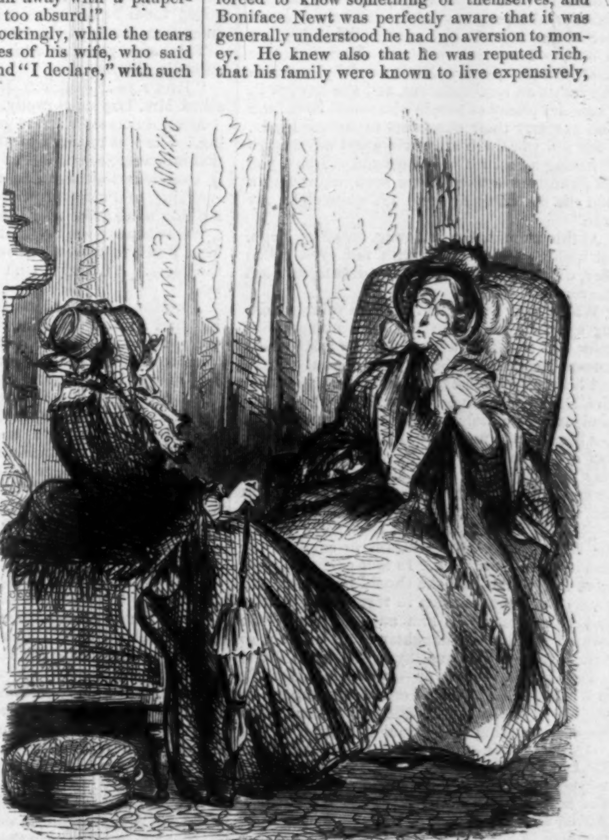
He stopped, for he caught May's eye, and he could not finish the sentence.

"Mr. Newt," said his wife, at length, "perhaps Alfred Dinks is not poor."

That was the chance, but Mr. Newt was skeptical. For he had an instinctive suspicion that no rich young man, however much a booby, would have married Fanny clandestinely. Men are forced to know something of themselves, and Boniface Newt was perfectly aware that it was generally understood he had no aversion to money. He knew also that he was reputed rich, that his family were known to live expensively,


MAY NEWT.


BONIFACE NEWT'S FIRST KNOWLEDGE OF HIS DAUGHTER'S MARRIAGE.


AUNT DAGON AND MRS. DINKS.

and he was quite shrewd enough to believe that any youth in her own set who ran off with his daughter did so because he depended upon her father's money. He was satisfied that the Newt family was not to be a gainer by the new alliance. The more he thought of it the more he was convinced, and the more angry he became. He was still storming when the door was thrown open and Mrs. Dagon rushed in.

"What does it all mean?" asked she.

Mr. Newt stopped in his walk, smiled contemptuously, and pointed to his wife, who sat with her handkerchief over her eyes.

"Pooh," said Mrs. Dagon, "I knew 'twould come to this. I've seen her hugging him the whole winter, and so has every body else who has eyes."

And she shook her plumage as she settled into a seat.

"Mrs. Boniface Newt is unfortunately blind; that is to say, she sees every body's affairs but her own," said Mr. Newt, tauntingly.

Mrs. Dagon, without heeding him, talked on.

"But why did they run away to be married? What does it mean? Fanny's not romantic, and Dinks is a fool. He's rich, and a proper match enough, for a woman can't expect to have every thing. I can't see why he didn't propose regularly, and behave like other people. Do you suppose he was actually engaged to his cousin Hope Wayne, and that our darling Fanny has outwitted the Boston beauty, and the Boston beau too, for that matter? It looks like it, really. I think that must be it. It's a pity a Newt should marry a fool—"

"It is not the first time," interrupted her nephew, making a low bow to his wife.

Mrs. Dagon looked a little surprised. She had seen little jars and rubs before in the family, but this morning she seemed to have happened in upon an earthquake. She continued:

"But we must make the best of it. Are they in the house?"

"No, Aunt Dagon," said Mr. Newt. "I knew nothing of it until, half an hour ago, I read it in the paper with all the rest of the world. It seems it was a family secret." And he bowed again to his wife.

"Don't, don't," sobbed she. "You know I didn't know any thing about it. Oh! Aunt Dagon, I never knew him so unjust and wicked as he is to-day. He treats me cruelly." And the poor woman covered her red eyes again with her handkerchief, and rocked herself feebly. Mr. Newt went out, and slammed the door behind him.

"Now, Nancy, tell me about this thing," said Mrs. Dagon, when the husband was gone.

But Nancy had nothing to tell.

"I don't like his running away with her—that looks bad," continued Mrs. Dagon. She pondered a few moments, and then said:

"I can tell you one thing, Nancy, which it wasn't worth while to mention to Boniface, who seems to be nervous this morning—but I am sure Fanny proposed the running off. Alfred Dinks is too great a fool. He never would have thought of it—and he would never have dared to do it, if he had."

"Oh dear me!" responded Mrs. Newt.

"Pooh! it isn't such a dreadful thing, if he is only rich enough," said Aunt Dagon, in a consoling voice. "Every thing depends on that; and I haven't much doubt of it. Alfred Dinks is a fool, my dear, but Fanny Newt is not; and Fanny Newt is not the girl to marry a fool, except for reasons. You may trust Fanny, Nancy. You may depend there was some foolish something with Hope Wayne, on the part of Alfred, and Fanny has cut the knot she was not sure of untying. Pooh! pooh! When you are as old as I am you won't be distressed over these things. Fanny Newt is fully weaned. She wants an establishment, and she has got it. There are plenty of people who would have been glad to marry their daughters to Alfred Dinks. I can tell you there are some great advantages in having a fool for your husband. Don't you see Fanny never would have been happy with a man she couldn't manage. It's quite right, my dear."

At this moment the bell rang, and Mrs. Newt, not wishing to be caught with red eyes, called May, who had looked on at this debate, and left the room.

While Mrs. Dagon had been so volubly talking she had also been busily thinking. She knew that if Alfred were a fool his mother was not—at least, not in the way she meant. There had been no love lost between the ladies, so that Mrs. Dagon was disposed to criticise the other's conduct very closely. She saw, therefore, that if Alfred Dinks were not rich—and it certainly was a question whether he were so really, or only in expectation from Mr. Burt—then also he might not be engaged to Hope Wayne. But the story of his wealth and his engagement might very easily have been the *ruse* by which the skillful Mrs. Dinks meant to conduct her campaign in New York. In that case, what was more likely than that she should have improved Fanny's evident delusion in regard to her son, and, by suggesting to him an elopement, have secured for him the daughter of a merchant so universally reputed wealthy as Boniface Newt?

Mrs. Dagon was clever—so was Mrs. Dinks; and it is the homage that one clever person always pays to another to believe the other capable of every thing that occurs to himself.

In the matter of the marriage Mrs. Budlong Dinks had been defeated, but she was not dismayed. She had lost Hope Wayne, indeed, and she could no longer hope, by the marriage of Alfred with his cousin, to consolidate the Burt property in her family. She had been very indignant—very deeply disappointed. But the meditation of a night refreshed her. She still loved her son. It is only fathers, members of the superior sex, whose just indignation never sleeps against daughters who marry the men they love instead of those whom the fathers wish.

Upon a survey of the field, Mrs. Dinks felt that under no circumstances would Hope have married Alfred; and he had now actually married Fanny. So much was done. It was useless to wish impossible wishes. She did not wish her son to starve or come to social shame, although he had married Fanny; and Fanny, after all, was rather a belle, and the daughter of a rich merchant, who would have to support them. She knew, of course, that Fanny supposed her husband would share in the great Burt property. But as Mrs. Dinks herself believed the same thing, that did not surprise her. In fact, they would all be gainers by it; and nothing now remained but to devote herself to securing that property.

For Mrs. Dinks was a woman who must have an object. Her first had been to marry herself—and her net closed over the Honorable Budlong, then supposed to be a man of promise. That marriage was a mistake. We don't set expensive nets to catch bull-pouts. Then she tried to marry Alfred to Hope Wayne. That had failed. The new object must, therefore, be the unintermitting pursuit of the Burt property. Domestic life was not an object with her. The Honorable Budlong was a man's man. He expectorated and talked politics abroad, and pooh-pooh-ed his wife at home, which he frequented as little as possible, because he had a disagreeable consciousness that the master of the house had a mistress. Then Mrs. Dinks had no other children, nor any tastes or employments that would detain her from society or make her home interesting to her. Practical benevolence might have been a career, but she compounded with Heaven for her charities by annual subscriptions to well-accredited societies, the management of which was composed of persons of proper position in society. Shopping and morning calls, also, failed to exhaust her powers entirely; but the Burt property was a good solid object in life which she could pursue with vigilance and discretion.

The first step under the circumstances was clearly a visit to the Newts, and the ring which had sent Mrs. Newt from the room was Mrs. Dinks's.

Mrs. Dagon was alone when Mrs. Dinks entered, and Mrs. Dagon was by no means sure, whatever she said to Nancy, that Mrs. Dinks had not outwitted them all. As she entered Mrs. Dagon put up her glasses and gazed at her; and when Mrs. Dinks saluted her, Mrs. Dagon bowed behind the glasses, as if she were bowing through a telescope at the planet Jupiter.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Dagon!"

"Good-morning, Mrs. Dinks," replied that lady, still contemplating the other as if she were a surprising and incomprehensible celestial phenomenon.

Profound silence followed. Mrs. Dinks was annoyed by the insult which Mrs. Dagon was tacitly putting upon her, and resolving upon revenge. Meanwhile she turned over some illustrated books upon the table, as if engravings were of all things those that afforded her the profoundest satisfaction.

But she was conscious that she could not deceive Mrs. Dagon by an appearance of interest; so, after a few moments, Mrs. Dinks seated herself in a large easy-chair opposite that lady, who was still looking at her, shook her dress, glanced into the mirror with the utmost nonchalance, and finally, slowly drawing out her own glasses, raised them to her eyes, and, with perfect indifference, surveyed the enemy.

The ladies gazed at each other for a few moments in silence.

"How's your daughter Mrs. Alfred Dinks?" asked Mrs. Dagon, abruptly.

Mrs. Dinks continued to gaze without answering. She was resolved to put down the dragon that laid waste society. The dragon was instantly conscious that she had made a mistake in speaking, and was angry accordingly. She said nothing more; she only glared.

"Good-morning, my dear Mrs. Dinks," said Mrs. Newt, in a troubled voice, as she entered the room. "Oh my! isn't it—isn't it—singular?"

For Mrs. Newt was bewildered. Between her husband and Mrs. Dagon she had been so depressed and comforted that she did not know what to think. She was sure it was Fanny who had married Alfred, and she supposed, with all the world, that he had, or was to have, a pretty fortune. Yet she felt, with her husband, that the private marriage was suspicious. It seemed at least to prove the indisposition of Mrs. Dinks to the match. But, as they were married, she did not wish to alienate the mother of the rich bridegroom.

"Singular, indeed, Mrs. Newt!" rejoined Mrs. Dinks; "I call it extraordinary!"

"I call it outrageous," interpolated Mrs. Dagon. "Poor girl! to be run away with and married! What a blow for our family!"

Mrs. Dinks resumed her glasses, and looked unutterably at Mrs. Dagon. But Mrs. Dinks, on her side, knowing the limitations of Alfred's income and believing in the Newt resources, did not wish to divert from him any kindness of the Newts. So she outgeneraled Mrs. Dagon again.

"Yes, indeed, it is an outrage upon all our feelings. We must, of course, be mutually shocked at the indiscretion of these members of both our families."

"Yes, oh yes!" answered Mrs. Newt. "I do declare! what do people do so for?"

Neither cared to take the next step, and make the obvious and necessary inquiries as to the future, for neither wished to betray the thought that was uppermost. At length Mrs. Dinks ventured to say,

"One thing, at least, is fortunate."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Mrs. Dagon behind the glasses, as if she scoffed at the bare suggestion of any thing but utter misfortune being associated with such an affair.

"I say one thing is fortunate," continued Mrs. Dinks, in a more decided tone, and without the slightest attention to Mrs. Dagon's remark.

"Dear me! I declare I don't see just what you mean, Mrs. Dinks," said Mrs. Newt.

"I mean that they are neither of them children," answered the other.

"They may not be children," commenced Mrs. Dagon, in the most implacable tone, "but they are both fools. I shouldn't wonder, Nancy, if they'd both outwitted each other, after all; for whenever two people, without the slightest apparent reason, run away to be married, it is because one of them is poor."

This was a truth of which the two mothers were both vaguely conscious, and which by no means increased the comfort of the situation. It led to a long pause in the conversation. Mrs. Dinks wished Aunt Dagon on the top of Mont Blanc, and while she was meditating the best thing to say, Mrs. Dagon, who had rallied, returned to the charge.

"Of course," said she, "that is something that would hardly be said of the daughter of Boniface Newt."

And Mrs. Dagon resumed the study of Mrs. Dinks.

"Or of the grand-nephew of Christopher Burt," said the latter, putting up her own glasses and returning the stare.

"Grand-nephew! Is Alfred Dinks not the grandson of Mr. Burt?" asked Mrs. Newt, earnestly.

"No, he is his grand-nephew. He is second cousin of Hope Way[illegible] My father was the brother of Mr. Burt," r[illegible]d Mrs. Dinks.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Newt, dolefully.

"Not a very near relation," added Mrs. Dagon. "Grand-nephews don't count."

That might be true, but it was thin consolation for Mrs. Newt, who began to take fire.

"But, Mrs. Dinks, how did this affair come about?" asked she.

"Exactly," chimed in Aunt Dagon; "how did it come about?"

"My dear Mrs. Newt," replied Mrs. Dinks, entirely overlooking the existence of Mrs. Dagon, "you know my son Alfred, and your daughter Fanny. So do I. Do you believe that Alfred ran away with Fanny, or Fanny with Alfred? Theoretically, of course, the man does it. Do you believe Alfred did it?"

Mrs. Dinks's tone was resolute. Mrs. Newt was on the verge of hysterics.

"Do you mean to insult my daughter to her mother's face?" exclaimed she. "Do you mean to insinuate that—"

"I mean to insinuate nothing, my dear Mrs. Newt. I say plainly what I mean to say, so let us keep as cool as we can for the sake of all parties. They are married—that's settled. How are they going to live?"

Mrs. Newt opened her mouth with amazement.

"I believe the husband usually supports the wife," ejaculated the dragon behind the glasses.

"I understand you to say, then, my dear Mrs. Newt," continued Mrs. Dinks, with a superb disregard of the older lady, who had made the remark, "that the husband usually supports the family. Now in this matter, you know, we are going to be perfectly cool and sensible. You know as well as I that Alfred has no profession, but that he will by-and-by inherit a fortune from his grand-uncle—"

At this point Mrs. Dagon coughed in an incredulous and contemptuous manner. Mrs. Dinks put her handkerchief to her nose, which she patted gently, and waited for Mrs. Dagon to stop.

"As I was saying—a fortune from his grand-uncle. Now until then provision must be made—"

"Really," said Mrs. Dagon, for Mrs. Newt was bewildered into silence by the rapid conversation of Mrs. Dinks—"really, these are matters of business which, I believe, are usually left to gentlemen."

"I know, of course, Mrs. Newt," continued the intrepid Mrs. Dinks, utterly regardless of Mrs. Dagon, for she had fully considered her part, and knew her own intentions, "that such things are generally arranged by the gentlemen. But I think sensible women, like you and me, mothers, too, are quite as much interested in the matter as fathers can be. Our honor is as much involved in the happiness of our children as their fathers' is. So I have come to ask you, in a purely friendly and private manner, what the chances for our dear children are?"

"I am sure I know nothing," answered Mrs. Newt; "I only know that Mr. Newt is furious."

"Perfectly lunatic," added Aunt Dagon, in full view of Mrs. Dinks.

"Pity, pity!" returned Mrs. Dinks, with an air of compassionate unconcern; "because these things can always be so easily settled. I hope Mr. Newt won't suffer himself to be disturbed. Every thing will come right."

"What does Mr. Dinks say?" feebly inquired Mrs. Newt.

"I really don't know," replied Mrs. Dinks, with a cool air of surprise that any body should care what he thought—which made Mrs. Dagon almost envious of her enemy, and which so impressed Mrs. Newt, who considered the opinion of her husband as the only point of importance in the whole affair, that she turned pale.

"I mean that his mind is so engrossed with other matters that he rarely attends to the domestic details," added Mrs. Dinks, who had no desire of frightening any of her new relatives. "Have you been to see Fanny yet?"

"No," returned Mrs. Newt, half-sobbing again, "I have only just heard of it; and—and—I don't think Mr. Newt would wish me to go."

Mrs. Dinks raised her eyebrows, and again touched her face gently with the handkerchief. Mrs. Dagon rubbed her glasses and waited, for she knew very well that Mrs. Dinks had not yet discovered what she had come to learn. The old General was not deceived by the light skirmishing.

"I am sorry not to have seen Mr. Newt before he went down town," began Mrs. Dinks, after a pause. "But since we must all know these matters sooner or later—that is to say, those of us whose business it is"—here she glanced *en passant* at Mrs. Dagon—"you and I, my dear Mrs. Newt, may talk confidentially. How much will your husband probably allow Fanny until Alfred comes into his property?"

Mrs. Dinks leaned back and folded her shawl closely around her, and Mrs. Dagon hemmed and smiled a smile of perfect incredulity.

"Gracious, gracious! Mrs. Dinks, Mr. Newt won't give her a cent!" answered Mrs. Newt. As she uttered the words Mrs. Dagon held the enemy in full survey.

Mrs. Dinks was confounded. That there would be some trouble in arranging the matter she had expected. But the extreme dolefulness of Mrs. Newt had already perplexed her; and the prompt, simple way in which she answered this question precluded the suspicion of artifice. Something was clearly radically wrong. She knew that Alfred had six hundred a year from his father. She had no profound respect for that gentleman; but men are willful. Suppose he should take a whim to stop it? On the other side, she knew that Boniface Newt was an obstinate man, and that fathers were sometimes implacable. Sometimes, even, they did not relent in making their wills. She knew all about Miss Van Boozenberg's marriage with Tom Witchet, for it was no secret in society. Was it possible her darling Alfred might be in actual danger of such penury—at least until he came into his property? And what property was it, and what were the chances that old Burt would leave him a cent?

These considerations instantly occupied her mind as Mrs. Newt spoke; and she saw more clearly than ever the necessity of propitiating old Burt.

At length she asked, with an undismayed countenance, and with even a show of smiling:

"But, Mrs. Newt, why do you take so cheerless a view of your husband's intentions in this matter?"

The words that her husband had spoken in his wrath had rung in Mrs. Newt's mind ever since, and they now fell, echo-like, from her tongue.

"Because he said that, daughter or no daughter, she shall lie in the bed she has made."

Mrs. Dinks could not help showing a little chagrin. It was the sign for Mrs. Newt to burst into fresh sorrow. Mrs. Dagon was as rigid as a bronze statue.

"Very well, then, Mrs. Newt," said her visitor, rising, "Mr. Newt will have the satisfaction of seeing his daughter starve."

"Oh, her husband will take care of that," said the bronze statue, blandly.

"My son Alfred," continued Mrs. Dinks, "has an allowance of six hundred dollars a year, no profession, and expectations from his grand-uncle. These are his resources. If his father chooses he can cut off his allowance. Perhaps he will. You can mention these facts to Mr. Newt."

"Oh! mercy! mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Newt. "What shall we do? What will people say!"

"Good-morning, ladies!" said Mrs. Dinks, with a comprehensive bow. She was troubled, but not overwhelmed; for she believed that the rich Mr. Newt would not, of course, allow his daughter to suffer. Mrs. Dagon was more profoundly persuaded than ever that Mrs. Dinks had managed the whole matter.

"Nancy," said she, as the door closed upon Mrs. Dinks, "it is a scheming, artful woman. Her son has no money, and I doubt if he ever will have any. Boniface will be implacable. I know him. He is capable of seeing his daughter suffer. Fanny has made a frightful mistake. Poor Fanny! she was not so clever as she thought herself. There is only one hope—that is in old Burt. I think we had better present that view chiefly to Boniface. We must concede the poverty, but insist and enlarge upon the prospect. No Newt ought to be allowed to suffer if we can help it. Poor Fanny! She was always pert, but not quite so smart as she thought herself!"

Mrs. Dagon indulged in a low chuckle of triumph, while Mrs. Newt was overwhelmed with a vague apprehension that all her husband's wrath at his daughter's marriage would be visited upon her.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ANOTHER METEORIC PHENOMENON.

The Troy *Times* of the 11th inst. says that about seven o'clock on the morning of that day, while the sky was perfectly cloudless, while hardly a breath of air was stirring, while not a single indication prevailed of a natural commotion of any sort whatever, there was a terrific, shocking, detonating report, accompanied apparently by two sharp echoes. It was as if the sound had come from the sky; but there were no clouds, not a single indication of the prevalence of electricity, and that explanation could not be entertained. The force of the concussion was so great that houses were shaken; that persons walking in the street felt the ground vibrate underneath them; that men who had just commenced work upon buildings instinctively dropped their tools, and looked to see what was the matter; that little children were frightened, and asked many strange questions of their parents. The Albany *Argus* of August 13, says: "We are inclined to think that it was a gentle earthquake. Although we can not learn that it was felt in this city, we have been assured by two or three subscribers from the towns of Guilderland and New Scotland, who were in our counting-room yesterday, that the same phenomenon was experienced in those vicinities, soon after seven o'clock Thursday morning. The heavy rumbling sound and vibration of the earth continued, they say, for two or three minutes, proceeding from the southwest and dying away in the northeast. When they gave us this information they were ignorant that any such thing had been experienced any where else."

BLONDIN CROSSES NIAGARA WITH A MAN ON HIS BACK.

We read in the Buffalo *Courier* of August 18: "Probably the largest crowd that ever assembled at Niagara Falls was present there yesterday, to witness M. Blondin cross the Niagara River upon his rope, carrying a man upon his shoulders. About half-past four o'clock M. Blondin entered the inclosure, and proceeded to the end of the rope on the American side. His appearance was the signal for a general cheering, which was responded to from the other side of the river. He was dressed, as on former occasions, in silk tights, bareheaded, and had on his feet rough-dressed buckskin shoes. In a few minutes after his arrival he ascended the rope with his balancing pole, and started to cross the river alone.

THE JOURNEY.

"M. Blondin occupied something over half an hour in crossing, most of the time being spent in his performances on the rope. He remained upon the Canada side to rest and refresh himself some fifteen or twenty minutes, and again appeared upon the rope. This time he had his agent, Mr. Henry Colcord, a man weighing about 136 pounds, upon his back, and his balancing pole in his hands. He proceeded down the rope very slowly and cautiously, as if feeling every step, until he was about one hundred feet from the Canada side, when Mr. Colcord dismounted and stood upon the rope immediately behind M. Blondin.

"They here remained to rest probably three or four minutes, when Mr. Colcord again mounted, and M. Blondin proceeded, still walking very slowly, and stopping occasionally to balance himself. They stopped five times in crossing, and each time Mr. Colcord dismounted, and again resumed his position. He had his arms around M. Blondin's neck, and his legs rested on the balancing pole. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and wore a straw hat. About twenty-two minutes were occupied in accomplishing the first half of the rope, and the balance in twenty, making forty-two minutes from bank to bank.

"On reaching the landing M. Blondin was much flushed, and appeared very much fatigued, while Mr. Colcord was pale, but did not betray any signs of fear."

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY IN CINCINNATI.

A terrible tragedy occurred in Cincinnati on the night of August 16. A man named Thomas Eugene de Marbais, a druggist by profession, shot his wife, and then attempted to kill himself. His wife was residing in an assignation house. On the night in question he called for her after she had retired to bed, and they walked out together, as it afterward appeared, with the understanding that he was to commit the deed. After proceeding some distance from the house he shot her in the breast, and himself in the head. Neither wound was immediately mortal, but it is thought that both will prove so. Pecuniary difficulties appear to have been the leading cause of the tragedy. A number of letters and other papers were found on his person, in which the most intense affection was expressed for his wife, and she on her part appears to have loved him with equal intensity.

A WOMAN TARRED AND FEATHERED.

On last Friday afternoon, says the Chicago *Democrat*, three women, living in the town of South Bend, Indiana, took a fourth woman, a sort of grass widow, and said to be of loose morals, stripped her clothes entirely from her, leaving upon her nothing but her shoes and stockings, cut off her hair and tarred and feathered her from head to foot. This was all done in the public streets of that town in broad daylight and in the presence of a large crowd, who, incredible as it may appear, stood by and saw this infamous act perpetrated, and raised no hand to stop it. The women who were the perpetrators of this outrage were residents of South Bend, members of church, and two of them were married. The victim of their rage or jealousy, as soon as she escaped from the clutches of her inhuman persecutors, ran to the shop of a blacksmith near by, who received her, shut the door upon her pursuers, and furnished her with oil, etc., to remove the tar, and with clothing to hide her nakedness.

ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER A-COMING.

The following letter appears in the *Herald*:

"BEACON LODGE, CHRISTCHURCH, *July* 30, 1859.

"Permit me, through the medium of your paper, to address a few words to my brother sportsmen in the United States.

"An opportunity which I have often longed for has been afforded me of paying a visit to New York, starting from Liverpool for the express purpose of fraternizing with the disciples of St. Hubert, shaking hands with my transatlantic brethren, and, with the advice of my brother sportsmen, proceeding through a portion of the cultivated country to the magnificent prairies, gathering by the way all information—scientific, agricultural, and ornithological—that it is possible for me to collect. My stay in the United States must of necessity be limited; but, under the blessing of Heaven, I hope, ere my return to spend my Christmas in England, to have achieved and learned enough to enable me to tell my countrymen a tale, and to point out to them the route and the outlay required for others in future times to follow my example. (My narrative, I need hardly add, will appear in the columns of the London *Field*.)

"I shall bring with me some of my hounds and dogs, the faithful companions of my leisure hours, and throw myself on that kindness which, from my experience of the American character in other climes, I am convinced was never by a stranger sought in vain. I expect to arrive at New York on or about the 3d of September.

"Your obedient, humble servant.

"GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY."

PERSONAL.

The Providence *Journal* says: "Caleb Cushing has declined the mission to Central America. It is very surprising that it should be offered to him. According to all the Democratic tests he is quite disqualified. In the first place, he speaks the language, which is, of itself, if we may judge from the usual character of the foreign appointments, a fatal objection. Moreover, he labors under the additional disadvantage of a thorough knowledge of the French, which is the common language of diplomacy; and, to complete his unfitness, he is a scholar, a statesman, and thoroughly acquainted with the history and policy of our Government. Such a man would settle the South American question in a month, and there would be nothing for the Administration to fasten a quarrel upon with the feeble powers of Central America."

The Hon. A. H. Banscom, a prominent politician of Michigan, and Speaker of the Assembly of that State in 1847, died at Marquette, Lake Superior, on the 4th inst., of hemorrhage of the lungs. He was one of the most genial men in the State, and his death, in the prime of manhood, will cause very many heavy hearts. It is announced, as a singular fact, that his wife (at the time a long distance from him) dreamed, during the night of his death, that he had died, and related the dream to her friends a day or two before the intelligence of his death reached them.

Adjutant-General Stone has returned to Boston from West Point, whither he went as bearer of an invitation from Governor Banks to General Scott to be present at the State Encampment, at Concord, Massachusetts, bringing from General Scott a note to Governor Banks, declining to accept the invitation. The note says, in conclusion:

"I should be highly gratified to be able to make the proposed visit, but I am restrained by a severe bodily hurt, from which I am not quite restored; and second, because I have recently been obliged to decline so many similar invitations that it might now be offensive to many other friends to accept one."

General Wool accepts.

The London *Times* says: "Mr. W. H. Ward, of Auburn, United States, who exhibited his signal telegraph for the Ocean Marine service at Woolwich on Monday last, again attended at the dock-yard on Saturday, by order of the Board of Admiralty. A definite trial of his signal telegraph is to be made at the mastheads of the various ships lying at Woolwich. Mr. Ward has received instructions from the Lords of the Admiralty to exhibit his apparatus for night signals at Portsmouth dock-yard also."

Baron de Stoeckl, Russian Minister, and Madame Stoeckl, have been stopping at the Clarendon. They are now at Newport.

The ship *Syren* arrived at New Bedford on Thursday evening from Honolulu, having among her passengers the Rev. T. E. Taylor, Mrs. Maria Chamberlain, and Miss Isabella Chamberlain, missionaries. The former has retired from the work, and now devotes himself to farming at the Islands. The *Syren* has also the family of Captain Brown, of the Missionary brig *Morning Star*.

The Boston *Journal* learns that Mr. Wetmore, owner of the "Chateau sur Mer" at Newport, was stricken by a paralytic shock at the breakfast-table, a few days since, and now lies in a critical situation. At last accounts he was unable to speak.

A gentleman killed himself in Florida, last week, for the love of a Miss Bullett. The poor fellow couldn't live with a Bullett in his heart.

The City Council of Cleveland, Ohio, have contracted for the erection of a monument to Commodore Perry in their Park, and the work has been placed in the hands of Mr. William Walcutt, of this city. The monument is to be about twenty-five feet high, consisting of an ornamented pedestal, adorned with appropriate bas-reliefs, and crowned with a statue of Perry, the statue to be 8½ feet in height. On the tablets beneath the statue are to be the arms of the States of Rhode Island and Ohio. The whole structure is to be of Italian marble. It will be completed, ready for commemorative services, it is expected, by September 10, 1860. Mr. Walcutt is already engaged on the model of the statue.

A correspondent of the Charleston *News* says that Captain De Rivière is keeping a hotel in New York.

Prince Jerome, the Emperor's uncle, is said to be suffering severely from gout, which appears to threaten the stomach. Prince Napoleon and the Princess Mathilde are in constant attendance on their father.

The *Evening Post* says, that "the announcement that Charles Dickens intends to visit this country in the fall for the collection of a new batch of 'American Notes,' is more than mere rumor. The distinguished author is under engagements to give sixty 'Readings,' according to a prearranged programme, at various points, for the very reasonable remuneration of $25,000 cash at the start, and one-fourth of the net profits of the exhibition."

The Brahmin, Mr. Gangooly, who was driven from the table at the Glens Falls House, on account of the dark hue of his skin, was made quite a lion of at Congress Hall, Saratoga. The landlord, Mr. Hathaway, placed him at a seat of honor, took dinner with him, and left him in charge of his guests, who did him all honor.

Henry Ravenel, Esq., a native of Charleston, South Carolina, died at the Virginia Springs, on the 11th inst., in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He had for many years acceptably filled the position of President of the Union Bank of that city. In early life he commanded the "Washington Light Infantry," the leading volunteer military corps of South Carolina, and with them shared the perils of the Indian war in the Florida campaign of 1836-'37. "His polished courtesy and dignified suavity of manner gave a charm to all intercourse with him." His remains were interred in the "Magnolia Cemetery."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

In England the Parliamentary proceedings have lately been mainly confined to discussion upon supplies, all of which had been duly voted in accordance with the Ministerial estimates. Included in the votes are £130,000 on account of a direct telegraph to Gibraltar; £10,000 to aid in the conversion of the copper currency into one of bronze.

In the House of Commons a bill was passed through Committee which establishes a reserve force of 30,000 men for the navy, in the same way that the militia serves as a reserve for the army. The volunteers are to be enrolled for a period of five years.

THE OPIUM TRADE TO BE CARRIED ON.

A deputation from the Anti-Opium Society had waited upon Sir Charles Wood to urge the prohibition of the cultivation of opium, except for medicinal purposes, in British India. Sir Charles, in reply, said the present unsatisfactory state of the finances of India rendered it impossible to touch the revenue derived from the opium trade.

STRIKE OF THE LONDON WORKMEN.

The threatened strike in the building line in London daily becomes more serious, and it was feared that on the day the *Asia* sailed there would be as many as 40,000 operatives in the trade unemployed. A great meeting of workmen had been held in Hyde Park, and a determination was evinced to abide by the "nine hours" movement. The employers had likewise had a meeting, and resolved to resist the demands of the men.

FRANCE.

DISARMAMENT OF THE FLEET.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "The Minister of Marine has sent off orders to all the ports relative to the disarmament of a part of the French fleet. At Brest all the vessels under the command of Rear-Admiral Fourichon, and the armament of which had just been completed, will be placed *en commission*. The same will be done at Toulon with the four frigates and other smaller vessels under the orders of Rear-Admiral Bouet Willaumez. At Cherbourg, the *Gourville*, line-of-battle ship, the *Souveraine*, frigate, and the *Fondroyante*, floating battery, which were in the roadstead, have been taken into dock to be disarmed and laid up in ordinary. The *Napoleon*, screw liner, is expected from Toulon at Cherbourg, where she will have her engines taken out and replaced by smaller ones. Several other line-of-battle ships and other vessels of war have been ordered to Cherbourg to be disarmed. Directions, it is said, have also been given for the coast batteries to be placed on a peace footing."

PRINCESS CLOTILDE DEVELOPING.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Globe* says, that Princess Clotilde, though a mere girl, is just now exercising a very marked influence on the destiny of her native country. She never concealed at the court here her personal conviction that she was a modern Iphigenia, immolated for state purposes, and she loudly claims performance of the compact. A kingdom of North Italy, on a large and independent basis, for Victor Emanuel and the house of Savoy was the stipulation of her marriage contract, and she talks of returning to her father if the bargain is evaded. Old Jerome Napoleon backs his daughter-in-law, and if sympathy is claimed for the widow of the late worthless Duchino of Parma, some share of the same chivalry is challenged by this child of an ill-fated land.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT TO ROGER.

The *Express* correspondent says: "A terrible accident has happened to the first tenor of the French stage. On Wednesday of last week, while hunting at his country residence of Villers-sur-Marne, M. Roger's gun was accidentally discharged, in his own hands, and the contents lodged in his right arm, so shattering the member as to render amputation inevitable. By this dreadful occurrence the French Opera loses one of its most effective adjuncts, and the lyric art one of its brightest ornaments. Though Roger is in fair way of recovery, and will, it is hoped, soon be entirely beyond danger from his wound and the surgical operation which it rendered necessary, it is not likely that he will ever again be able to appear in his public capacity as an artist. His friends, it is true, are racking their brains to prevent his irrevocable retirement from the theatre, and it has been ingeniously suggested that one of the composers shall write an opera, specially for him, founded upon the romantic incident, during the late war, of the declaration made by many young Italian girls, that they would marry none but the mutilated heroes of the struggle for liberty. Such a work would doubtless be an immense success, but it is not probable that the project, if seriously entertained by others, would meet the approbation of Roger himself. He has declared his artist-life at an end."

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL WANTS TO KNOW.

We read in the Paris correspondence of London *Times*: "One morning, while the war was yet at its height, the Prince Imperial, who is an intelligent and attractive child, and speaks English, they say, even better than French, terribly puzzled his attendants who were at table with him by suddenly asking, 'You are always talking of the Austrians being beaten, beaten. What have the Austrians done to be beaten so much?' '*Mais*, Monseigneur, they are not sages—not well behaved.' 'But what have they done—what have they done?' When the Prince saw the wise persons whom he questioned rather at a loss to explain the shortcomings of the Austrians toward the French, he said, 'Oh! yes, now I know—now I know; they don't keep their hands and faces clean, and they won't say their prayers.' Carelessness in the matter of ablution and occasional neglect of private devotion were the only offenses which, in the innocent mind of the Prince, could at all justify the punishment inflicted on the Austrians. Now, as peace is made, his Imperial Highness is probably convinced that a considerable reformation has been effected in both these respects, and that the Austrians wash their hands and recite the rosary."

A TESTIMONIAL TO LAMARTINE.

We find in the Paris correspondence of the London *Times*:

"The municipality of Paris has granted to M. de Lamartine and his family the enjoyment for life of a house and a piece of ground in the Bois de Boulogne. The gift required the sanction of the Council of State. It will hardly be believed that this testimony of gratitude and admiration—of gratitude to the man who, whatever may have been his errors, at one time certainly saved Paris and all France from the horrors of anarchy, and of admiration for the poet who has shed lustre on his country—that this testimony has encountered opposition in that body. It can hardly be believed that the President of the Council could be opposed to the grant. If it be true, it will be said that M. Baroche thinks that M. de Lamartine had *trop devancé la justice du peuple*. M. Baroche, in his declaration of republican faith, addressed to the electors after the revolution of February, grounded his claims to their support on his having 'anticipated the justice of the people' in overthrowing Louis Philippe, and anticipators of this sort do not like those who shoot beyond them. How different are the fruits M. Baroche and M. de Lamartine have gathered from the revolution!"

GERMANY.

THE NATURALIZATION QUESTION.

Wilmer and Smith's *Times* says: "A very remarkable circumstance is now exciting some attention in Germany, and it will shortly excite a still greater amount of interest in the United States. Every one knows the immense number of German emigrants who find their way to the American Union, most of them, it is needless to state, in a condition far removed from affluence; but however poor they may be when they leave home, they generally return to their native country, in after years, in very comfortable circumstances. As their lot is cast among Republicans, and as they wish to have a voice in the making of the laws which govern them, these German immigrants become, in the majority of cases, naturalized Americans. It seems that a native of Hanover, who stands in this position, has recently returned to the country of his birth, was drafted into the militia, and compelled to do military duty. He refused, pleaded the laws of his adopted country, and applied for protection to the American Consul. The American Government has taken up the subject warmly, and has peremptorily demanded his release. It has done more than this—it has caused similar requisitions to be made upon the other German Governments, who are made to understand that American citizens can not be called upon to submit to the dictates of arbitrary rule. The German Powers, however distasteful it may be to them, will give way, and they will respect the rights of those Germanic Americans who return from the 'Far West' with a handsome amount of dollars with which to pass the evening of their days in their native country. It is a remarkable fact that there is no great Power in the world with so small an army and navy as the United States, and yet which makes itself more feared and respected abroad."

A GIRLS' SWIMMING-MATCH.

Recently a most extraordinary race took place in a fashionable ladies' seminary school in the Thiergarten, Berlin, where thirty-three young ladies contested for the championship in swimming. The winner, who is nineteen years of age, and very handsome, is said to have proved that she might as well challenge the other sex as her own. The race was followed by an elegant luncheon, only ladies being present, and the promenaders in the neighborhood listened with astonishment to the lusty cheers that followed the toasts.

ITALY.

THE POPE'S VIEW OF THE CONFEDERATION.

A correspondent of the Paris *Univers* gives the following as the substance of the Pope's answer to the Emperor Napoleon's propositions, conveyed by M. Menneval, respecting the Italian Confederation: "Pius IX. thanks the Emperor of the French for the interest which he unceasingly displays for the Holy See and the person of the Pope. He regards as an instance of the Emperor's filial devotion the proposition relative to the honorary presidency of a confederation or Italian league, and he would not refuse that post without having the most ample information respecting the engagements which would result from it, and the relations which would exist between him and the various Italian sovereigns. When he has procured such information, he will be enabled to see whether the Catholic interests permit him to accept it. And in that case the pacification of Italy and the return of its rebellious provinces will naturally have to precede the establishment of that confederation and of the honorary presidency."

THE POPE SHOOTING HIS PEOPLE.

A document (issued in the Pope's name, and dated Perugia, July 20), the authenticity of which there is too little reason to doubt, sets forth that an extraordinary special council of war, composed of Major Jeannerat, of the 1st Foreign Regiment, president; Captains Peterelli, Lavallaz, Baseglia, Leoni, Stocklin, and Perpetti; Gorga, advocate, and Giare, military registrar; had sat to try the Perugian case of high treason and public violence against Francesco Guardabassi, of Perugia, aged 67, landed proprietor; the Baron Nicolas Danzetta, of Perugia, aged 39, landed proprietor; Zephrin Faina Baldini, of Venanzio, aged 34, banker; Tibre Befardi, of Perugia, advocate; Carlo Bruschi, aged 27, of Perugia, advocate; Count Antonio Cesarei, aged 35, of Perugia, advocate; and Filippo Tantini, aged 33, of Perugia, landed proprietor and advocate. The aforesaid are there charged with having provoked and maintained a sedition and insurrection against (by their efforts, the first four as a junta, and the rest as a committee of defense) the Sovereign Pontiff and his legitimate government, on June 14 and the following days, by the publication of prints inciting to rebellion, by overthrowing the papal insignia, erecting tricolored flags, enrolling soldiers, and collecting arms and munitions of war. Sentence upon them is then declared to be "public death," and the payment of all damages and expenses incurred either by the government, or by the commune, or by individuals.

MR. PERKINS'S CLAIM PAID.

A letter in the *Herald* says: "The Treasurer of the Papal Government has paid over to our Minister, Mr. Stockton, the sum of $3400 on account of Mr. Perkins, as indemnity for damage sustained by that gentleman during the sack of Perugia. Credit is due to Mr. Stockton for the promptness with which he has secured the payment of this demand."

THE ROMAGNA WILL NOT RETURN TO ITS ALLEGIANCE.

The Bologna *Gazette* publishes a declaration which is being signed in the Romagna, to the effect that those provinces have shaken off the papal yoke, never to return under it again, and that it is their wish to be annexed to Sardinia. This document is addressed to the Emperor of the French and the King of Sardinia.

THE NEW DICTATORSHIP AT MODENA.

In accepting the dictatorship of the Modenese provinces, M. Farini issued, on the 28th of July, a second proclamation. It was as follows:

"CITIZENS,—You have given me a remarkable testimony of affection and confidence. I am very much moved by it, and if God shall aid me I will prove my gratitude to you. Belonging entirely to Italy, I shall belong entirely to you, who, in defending your own right, defend that of the nation.

"I accept the temporary power in order that I may immediately convoke the popular assemblies to whom it appertains to establish power on the legitimate basis of the national will, upon which are founded the powerful and glorious empire of France, the government of noble and free England, and other states. FARINI.

"I shall shortly restore to the representatives of the people the authority which I derive from your affection and the votes of the municipal bodies.

"In the mean time I shall maintain order rigidly; I shall guarantee liberty to all; I shall give additional force to military regulations; I shall increase the armaments.

"We now know each other. Within, no one will seditiously attack the concord, the honor, and the tranquillity of the country; if any one did so he would not remain unpunished. Civilized Europe will not permit attacks from without. Let the conquered followers of the foreigner menace us, and I shall resolutely employ all the means at my disposal to defend the national independence.

"Fellow-citizens, we are now the soldiers of the national honor and dignity in Central Italy.

"FARINI."

THE LATEST FROM GARIBALDI.

A Turin letter to the Paris *Patrie* mentions an attempt to poison Garibaldi. A letter from Turin of the 1st of August, states that General Garibaldi lay ill at Brescia, where he was under the care of Dr. Bazzani. The General has had perspiration suddenly checked, which has given him some trouble. The Paris *Patrie* of the evening of 5th August says: "According to a letter from Florence, it is supposed that Garibaldi will take the command of the Tuscan army." The *Précurseur D'Anvers* of August 4, says that, now the Zurich Conferences render his presence in the Sardinian army useless, General Garibaldi thinks of demanding an unlimited leave of absence.

HIS LAST PROCLAMATIONS.

The following *ordre du jour* was issued by General Garibaldi, dated from Lovere, 19th July, 1859:

"Whatever direction political events may take, Italians ought not, under existing circumstances, either to lay down their arms or feel any discouragement. On the contrary, they ought to enlarge their ranks, and show to Europe that, led by the valiant Victor Emanuel, they are ready to encounter anew the vicissitudes of war, whatever complexion they may assume."

General Garibaldi has addressed to his soldiers in Central Italy the following proclamation:

"ITALIANS OF THE CENTRE,—It is only a few months since we said to the Lombards, 'Your brothers of all the provinces have sworn to conquer and to die with us;' and the Austrians know whether we have kept our word.

"To-morrow we shall say to you what we said then to the Lombards, and the noble cause of your country will find you drawn up on the field of battle, eager as we have been latterly, and with the imposing aspect of men who have done and will do their duty.

"Return to your homes; forget not, amidst the embraces of those who are dear to you, the gratitude which you owe to Napoleon and to the heroic French nation, whose brave sons, wounded and mutilated, still suffer on the bed of pain for the cause of Italy.

"Above all, forget not that, whatever may be the intentions of European diplomacy as regards our destinies, we ought not to detach ourselves from the sacred programme, 'Italy and Victor Emanuel.'

"LOVERE, VAL-CAMONICA, *July* 23, 1859."

KOSSUTH'S PLANS AND HOPES.

The Birmingham *Journal* says: "Madame Kossuth left London on the 14th ultimo, accompanied by her eldest son, Mr. Francis Kossuth, to join her husband, whom they met at Aix-les-Bains, a watering-place in Savoy. They intended a several months' sojourn in Switzerland. M. Kossuth's grave mental sufferings, under the existing circumstances, urgently claiming the greatest possible relaxation. M. Kossuth and family intend returning to England by the autumn. The French Emperor promised to Kossuth that he would obtain for the Hungarian Legion—as yet at Acqui, under the command of Mr. Daniel Ihasz, and consisting of five battalions of foot, and four troops of horse, numbering together about 5000 men—not only the most complete amnesty, but likewise that they shall never be claimed for any further services into the ranks of the Austrian army. Officers and men are to receive very handsome money gratuities at their dismissal; but they do not seem inclined to put overmuch faith in any pledge given by the Austrian government."

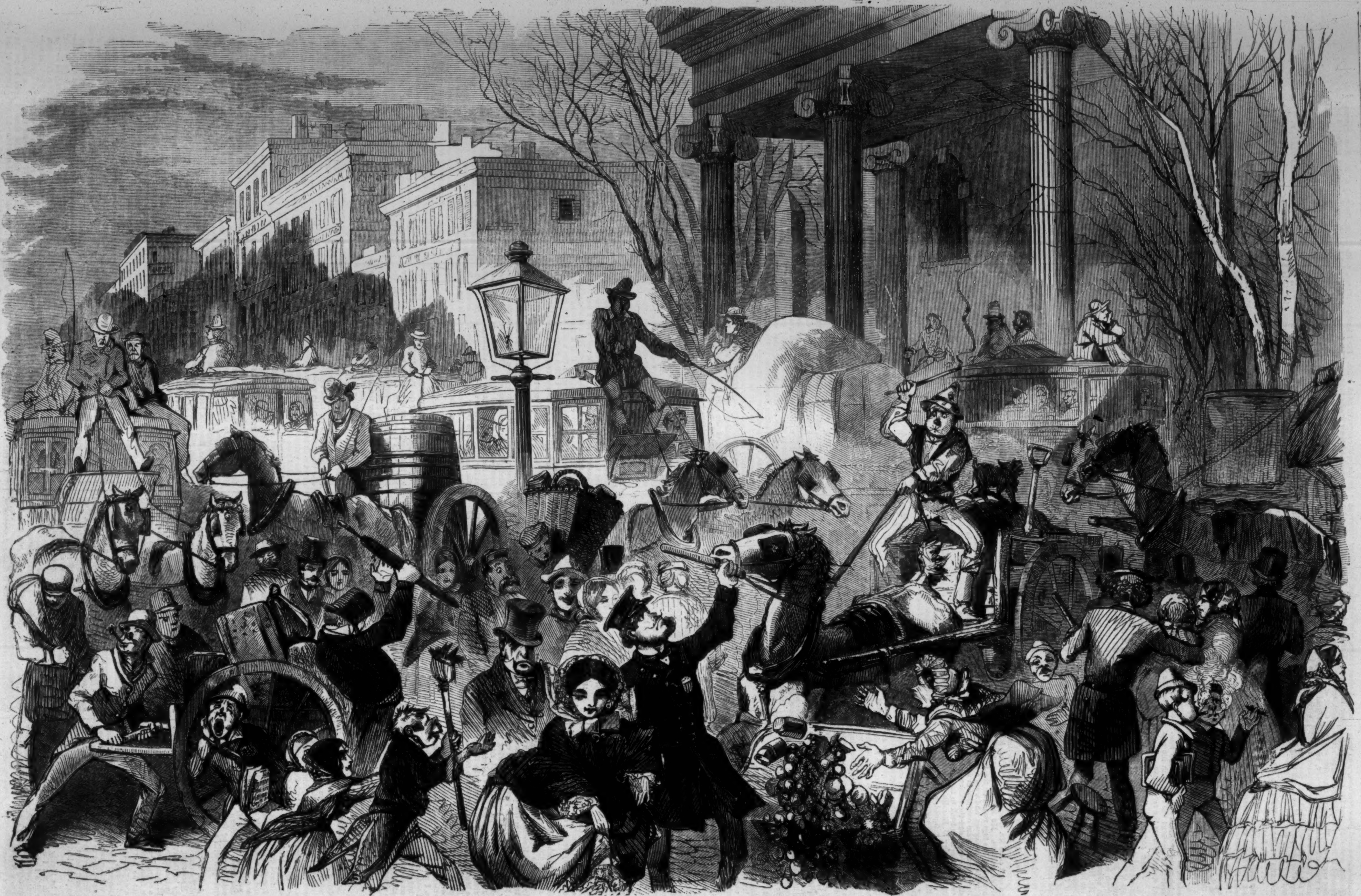
EFFECT OF THE PEACE IN THE ADRIATIC.

The *Moniteur de la Flotte* publishes a letter from the coast of Friuli, which says: "The peace has been hailed with the greatest satisfaction all along the coast, and especially at Trieste. That port, notwithstanding the flag of the German Confederation which floated on its walls as a sign of neutrality, suffered much from the war, and the armistice signed by Marshal Vaillant and Baron de Hess was received with the utmost delight. One of its clauses, restoring the free navigation of the Adriatic, showed its importance. The very day after the happy news upward of thirty vessels left the port. The intelligence of the interview at Villafranca, and the treaty signed there, came to hand soon afterward. The joy of the population was unbounded, and the trading community signed an address to the Emperor Francis-Joseph, expressing their gratitude to him for thus bringing the war to a conclusion. Since the restoration of peace the town and port present the most animated appearance; the dock-yards are again at full work, and the good times of Trieste have already returned."

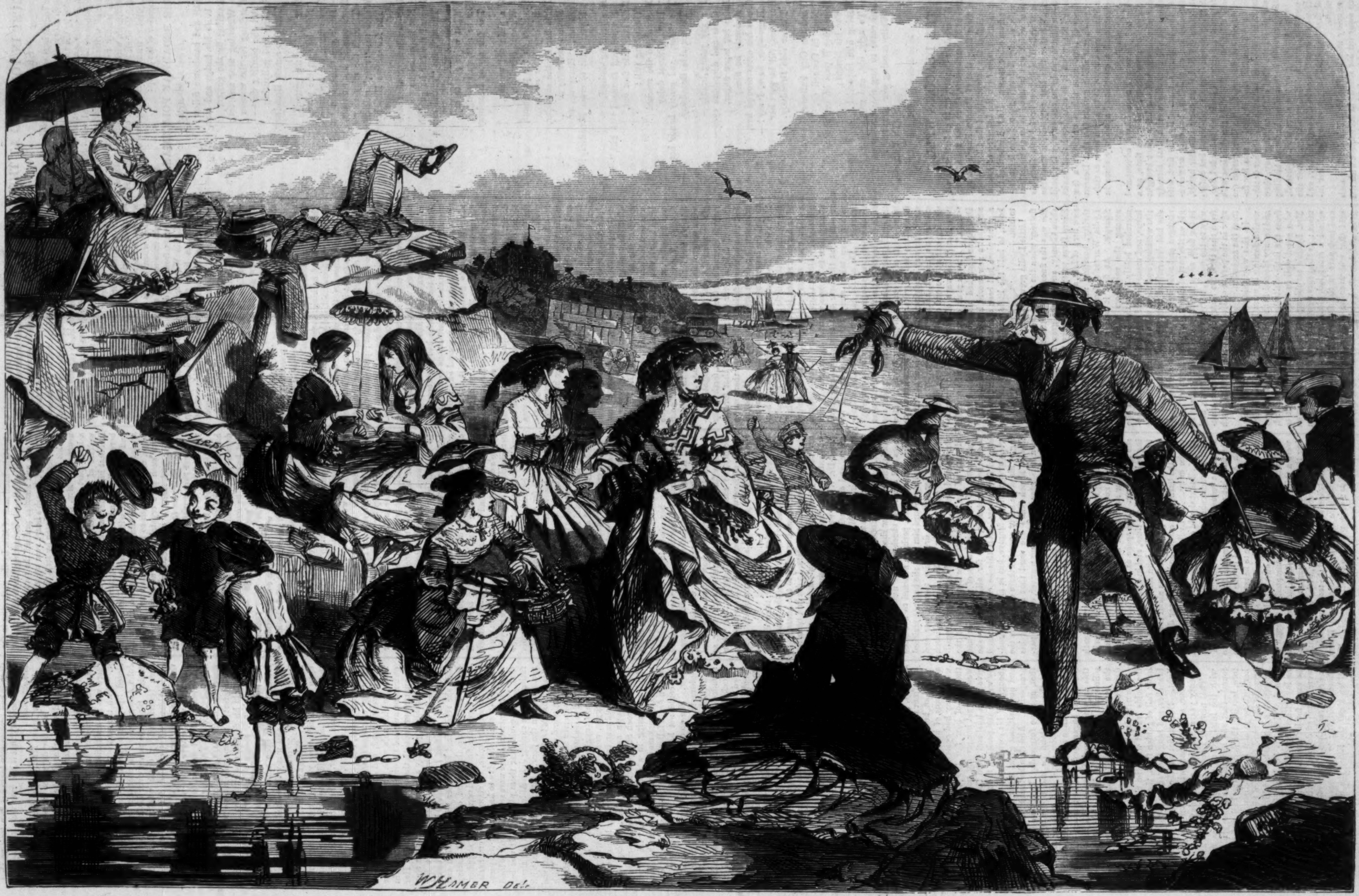
PORTUGAL.

THE QUEEN'S FUNERAL.

A letter dated Lisbon, July 26, says: "The funeral of the late Queen took place on the 21st inst. There was a large attendance of the people, and the expressions of grief and sympathy were universal. Mourning is to be worn for six months, and nothing but black is now to be seen in the streets. A very general opinion prevails that the Queen was not well treated by the court physicians, and that if there had been a more timely application of the remedies which were afterward used she would have escaped. It is said that she retained her faculties to the last, and took a long and affectionate farewell of the King, her husband, who was so much overcome that he had to be led out of the room. Afterward she took leave of the ladies in waiting and the high officers attached to the royal service. The Empress of Brazil and Dom Fernando remained in the bedchamber till the last. The next day the body lay in state, and then took place the ceremonial of kissing the hand of the dead monarch—a custom, I believe, which dates from the time of Dom Pedro the Cruel, who obliged his court to pay this homage to the remains of the lovely Ignez de Castro."



AUGUST IN TOWN—BROADWAY, OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.


HARPER
W. Homer Del.

AUGUST IN THE COUNTRY—THE SEA-SHORE.

AUGUST IN TOWN AND AT THE SEA-SIDE.

The engravings on the two preceding pages tell their own story, and need no further explanation. The scene by the sea-side—the *dolce far niente*—the hunt for *crustacea*—the hour spent in sketching the distant schooner—the delightful *têtes-à-tête*—are they not all written in our memories? New Yorkers will readily recognize the scene opposite St. Paul's Church, with the jam of omnibuses, stages, and vehicles of all kinds. One of our contributors has supplied us with the following lines on a prominent member of the group:

THE BROADWAY POLICEMAN.

As seen by our Artist.

Tall and handsome fellow!
  With his badge and star,
Standing by the gutter,
  Watching near and far;
Watching for the women
  All the bustling day—
Smiling and gallanting
  The fair across Broadway.

Now he's in the gutter,
  Now he's on the pave,
Now among the horses—
  Don't you think him brave?
Boots outside his trowsers,
  Through the miry clay
Wades the "star," gallanting
  The fair across Broadway.

But—we must confess it—
  Not impartial he
Toward the fair he guideth
  Through the "grand mêlée."
Sorry we to say it,
  What we've got to say,
How he acts, gallanting
  The fair across Broadway.

If a plain old woman,
  Without crinoline,
Shudders on the pavement,
  Waiting to be seen:
Takes her by the shoulder,
  Pushes her away;
Tells her, "Hurry up, now,
  If you want to cross Broadway!"

If a mincing damsel,
  Hooped and flounced "to kill,"
Puts her little foot out,
  Hesitating still;
Forward, to the rescue!
  Darts without delay
The "star," and gently hands her
  T'other side Broadway.

If a gay young beauty—
  Curls and deep-blue eyes—
Raise her taper finger,
  Ardently he flies;
Clasps his arms around her,
  Hugs—yes, *hugs*, I say!—
Hugs her, till he gets her
  T'other side Broadway.

When the City Fathers
  Next in Council sit,
Hope they'll pass an ord'nance
  For his benefit;
Making him impartial
  To ugly, old, and gay,
And cease to hug the beauties
  While crossing o'er Broadway.

Di Vernon.

THE DEACON'S WELL.

In all Berkshire County, or, to go farther, in all the State of Massachusetts, there was not a better ordered farm than that of Deacon Enoch Sharp. People said that the prosperity of the Sharp place did not so much arise from the industry of Enoch Sharp as from other causes. He had inherited the farm with sundry belongings, not the least important of which was believed to be an uncertain number of well-filled bags of lawful coin from his father. Whether this last supposition was true or not—and there can be no reason why it should not have been, when it is considered that banks and places of trust were things unknown a few years ago—it was still a certain fact that Deacon Enoch Sharp was known to be a rich man, as riches were counted a quarter of a century since in Berkshire County.

Twice had Deacon Enoch Sharp adventured upon the sea of matrimony, and each time, as a singular coincidence, had the bride elect brought something to add unto the wealth that already blessed the prosperous man. By his first wife Enoch Sharp had no children, but only a twelvemonth before she died there came into her hands, as the dying charge from a much-loved but unfortunately married sister, a little white-headed boy, the only child, and to this child the childless wife clung with an earnestness, for the short period ere she followed her sister, that showed it was her intention to acquit herself with truth. On her deathbed she placed the hand of the sobbing boy, then only five years old, in that of her husband, bidding him to act dutifully by the more than orphaned, and promising him that if it were in her power she would watch over him as he did over the boy, and hoped that he might prosper as he obeyed her injunctions.

For many months after his wife's death Enoch Sharp mourned her strictly in accordance with the requirements of his neighbors; there was no hat so fully craped, and no face that wore so staid a look when he spoke of "the dear departed." During these months he sought, as far as was consistent with convenience, to watch over and attend to the welfare of the little John Alden; but as the months flew on that care became less, and the boy was suffered to wander where he would, to eat and sleep at will, and to defy all attempts to control save that of Enoch Sharp. It can not be supposed that the wealthy young widower would long remain without being a mark for various shafts from the quivers of all marriageable maids and widows coming within the knowledge of his single state. Is it any wonder, when this is known, that Enoch Sharp thought once more of marrying, or that in exactly two years from the death of his first he took to wife Lydia Warner, a well-to-do spinster, whose comfortable little property adjoined the Sharp farm, and on this occasion was considered as added to it. Lydia Warner, when she married Enoch Sharp, was no longer young. If the truth must be told, Lydia's age at the time of her marriage exceeded that of Enoch's by three years—a solemn truth that gave great food for neighbors' gossip, and made a target whereat many a hard word was shot.

When Mrs. Lydia Sharp took possession of her new house it may be supposed that she found things in sad disorder from Enoch's two years' singleness; but of nothing, among all the neglected duties of the household, did she so raise her voice in remonstrance as that of little John Alden. With him she found immediate room for her sympathies. It did not take long to initiate him into the mysteries of soap and water; periodical clean shirts followed as a matter of course; he soon began to understand the importance of eating at regular hours, of going to his bed the same way, and rising with the rest of the household. There was a busy, fidgety way about Mrs. Lydia Sharp that struck harshly to the boy who had once been accustomed to those motherly attentions so softly administered; but there was a practical effect that, while it failed to gain his affection, it led him, young as he was, to the knowledge that all was done with a genuine desire for his comfort and improvement. Of this last point there could be no doubt. "All the neighbors"—that dread tribunal before which so many shrink—had pronounced on the fact, that, under her hands, John Alden was growing to be a fine boy. He was no longer allowed to run wild and dirty over the country. "There were clothes clean and good for his wear, and books that he might learn what other boys learned of his age." So said Mrs. Lydia Sharp, and under such *régime* was the education of master John Alden inaugurated.

One pleasant day in spring, less than one year after the coming of the new mistress, there was a great bustle at the Sharp farm, and Dr. Wilson was seen to dismount hurriedly at the door. Within an hour it was announced that Mrs. Lydia Sharp was a mother, a beautiful girl being added to the family. There was a curious struggle in Enoch Sharp's face for the first few days after this event, when congratulations were offered him. A struggle between the gravity which he thought necessary to assume and the desire to break forth in one shout of delight over the great fact that for the first time he was a father. Afterward there was a calm settling down upon the reality. He began to feel the importance the new event had invested him with. He could see in a score of ways how the coming of that little red, mottled babe had added to his own station in the world, and given him a claim upon society which he had never before possessed. Deacon Enoch Sharp was not inclined at any time to become a great talker, and it was remarked at the farm that this event had added rather than taken away from the silence of his manner. He would be found at strange hours—times when it was supposed he was busily employed in the barns or the fields—standing quietly over the cradle, with his hands laid carefully under the broad skirts of his coat, and gazing down upon the face of the baby Lydia. He had been known to stand this way studying for over an hour at a time, offering no remark, asking no opinion, but simply sighing out at the end of his scrutiny an ejaculation that "the ways of Providence is very mysterious." It was plain enough to all who saw the Deacon, and marked his subdued, delighted manner, that a new world had broken upon him, and a great place had been opened in his stern, selfish heart, to hold the little one that had been given to him.

Little Lydia grew rapidly, and it was no empty flattery when the neighbors told Enoch Sharp that she was the finest and prettiest child in all Berkshire County, and as she grew and improved the Sharp farm prospered. Every thing had taken a new turn of late, and it was well said that the same thrifty, bustling management that had marked Lydia Warner's farm had been transferred to Sharp's. At first it was a source of laughter among the neighbors when the new mistress marched boldly into the fields and through the barns, and made herself acquainted with their entire working, and then, with a manner that showed she had determined to be obeyed, ordered certain changes and additions. There was a short struggle on the part of Enoch Sharp for supremacy; but in the field, as in the house and the dairy, he gave way to the quick, nervous action of his wife, and from that time the Sharp farm had a certain manager in the person of Mrs. Lydia, and gained much from the accession.

In this way things went on year after year, wealth flowing in upon Enoch Sharp, while health and beauty blessed little Lydia. John Alden grew from the little white-headed boy to a sizable lad, who stood well in school, and did no discredit to Mrs. Lydia's scrubbing and mending. And even more: as the years went on John Alden came from school a stout lad, clear-headed and industrious, and took part in the farm-work; and then it was said that wherever he set his hand every thing grew and flourished, and the workmen soon looked up to him with respect, and John Alden became the right-hand man of Mrs. Lydia, gathering in the good-will of all, only excepting Enoch Sharp. For as one and another praised the tact and industry of the boy, Enoch's heart rose up in rebellion, and he remembered how, step by step, the pre-eminence in his household had been taken from him and usurped by Mrs. Lydia, who was now transferring a large part to John Alden. It was well for the welfare of Enoch Sharp that John Alden did not feel that his earnest working was a usurpation; he bore the slights and taunts of his guardian quietly, and still went on with his labor. There was no wheat like Deacon Enoch Sharp's, no apples so large, no cider with so fine a flavor, no well that gave such pure crystal water, no house so well kept; and many a congratulation was tendered Deacon Sharp on the good fortune that gave him all these things without much work or care on his part.

But—always a but—Enoch was far from being happy. Many times his mind went back to the days of his past, and he wished, but for one thing, that he could be once again as he had been then, free and careless, not gaining wealth, but his own master. And this one thing? Ah! that one thing, he thought, was the entire compensation—the little Lydia. Whatever there might be in the present time to overshadow his path, he could bear it all rather than recover the past by surrendering his child. If there was any thing on earth around which Deacon Enoch Sharp had wound his stern, stolid heart, it was his daughter. Lydia had grown to be a woman almost. Under the hands of a mother who believed in hurrying all things, Lydia had been hurried on from girlhood, without a moment's stop by the way; and when she was fifteen it was her mother's boast that her daughter could do all that any girl in the State could do at twice her age. She had brought Lydia up, she said, to work for her when she was old, and it must be no half-way doings that would satisfy her. Lydia could show all the solid accomplishments, with no few marvels of needle-work and wonders of confectionery. Lydia was more than pretty, and even at fifteen there was not a beau in all the country round but cast his eyes toward Enoch Sharp's daughter. There was always a bloom upon her cheeks, a brightness in her dark-brown eyes, and a pouting prettiness about her lips that was tempting beyond their usual experience. Lydia had a laugh for all, a pleasant or a joking word; but when there came any words of love she fled like a frightened bird, and nothing would again induce her to be alone with the speaker. There was a good, sound, solid reason for this—Lydia already loved. Is it at all strange? She loved John Alden, her cousin, as she had been taught to call him. Lydia could not remember the time when she had not loved John Alden. When as a little child he would take her upon his back, carrying her for hours over the farm, setting her in the shadiest spots, picking her the finest fruits, wading for pond-lilies, paddling her about in the skiff, or holding her in his arms while riding. It was so long since John Alden had first told the little Lydia he loved her that the memory of that time was forgotten, and they both only knew how much they loved and how fully they were pledged to each other, so closely, so sacredly, Lydia thought, that when words of love were spoken she fled from them as she would have fled had she been already John Alden's wife.

And who was blinder to it all than Enoch Sharp? It was one day in the fall of the year that Enoch was summoned hurriedly to the house from the neighboring village. Mrs. Lydia had been for several days complaining, but nothing serious was anticipated when he left home. When he arrived Dr. Wilson was already there, looking very grave, and ominously shaking his head in answer to all inquiries. Mrs. Lydia rallied from her attack on seeing her husband, and roused herself to speak. She told Enoch then, in a few choking words, that she knew she was dying. She saw the tears roll down the cheeks of the usually immovable man, and then, perhaps softened to a degree in her feeling toward him that she had not realized through her life, she drew him toward her and pressed her lips warmly to his. Deacon Enoch Sharp cried aloud, while the dying woman recalled many of the harsh words she had spoken in the past, many of the unkind acts of which she had been the perpetrator, and for all of which she begged forgiveness. All this he could hear and weep over while he forgave, but in all the unbending of his pride never once did there come from the lips of Enoch Sharp one word that admitted his own harshness, his repelling manner, or asked pardon from her who was so soon to appear before God, for the thousand chilling trifles that had scattered themselves over the seventeen years of their married life.

But Mrs. Lydia Sharp had more to say. Death was coming to her in the very midst of her work. She could not leave without a word that should express how she wanted all things finished which she had begun. She spoke as though she was going only for a short time, and in due season would be with them again. To John Alden, more than to her husband, she gave directions about the farm—of the barns, the cattle, and the proper disposal of the crops. To Lydia, of the house, the dairy, and of all that should come under her charge. But to the Deacon she had but one communication; it was not a request, but a communication to him of the fact that she had promised their daughter to John Alden for a wife, and in one year from the date of her death they were to be married. She did not ask his consent; there seemed to be no realization of its necessity; in her own mind it was settled, and as certainly consummated as though it were a thing of the past. John Alden was watching the face of the weeping man as his wife commenced this recital, and he saw, with a falling heart, how quickly her words stopped the tears and hushed the sobs. There was no response from Enoch Sharp's lips; they were too tightly closed. He did not look either at his dying wife or at any of the little group who stood about her, but quicker than it had broken into tears his face took up that stern immobility that it had ever worn through his darkest moods.

In a few hours Mrs. Lydia Sharp had passed away, and in a few days the house came back to its wonted way, though she who had been for seventeen years master-spirit had no more control. There was little occasion for Enoch Sharp to show his resumed power, but whatever opening came there was no hesitation on his part in embracing it. With the memory in his heart of those white closed lips beside the death-bed of Mrs. Lydia, John Alden avoided all chance of collision with his uncle. Since the power over his loved Lydia had been transferred by death wholly to her father John Alden had trembled for the future, and thought with sickened heart of the ending of the year that was to have given him Lydia for a wife. His doubt did not make John Alden serve less faithfully, and this Enoch Sharp knew well. Even more than in the days gone by he labored to secure the interest of the one who was so near to him, and who held his destinies so entirely.

Month after month slipped away, and a word had never passed between Enoch Sharp and John Alden touching upon what was so near to them both. Many and many times had John renewed with Lydia the promises they had made through so many years. While a certain chilliness weighed upon both their hearts, yet they would never admit that Enoch Sharp would oppose the dying injunction of Lydia's mother. There might be delay, there might be coldness, an obstinate withholding of any assistance, but beyond that he would never go in any attempts to separate them.

The year passed, and John Alden sought Enoch Sharp to claim his wife. Lydia, trembling in her own room, awaited the interview. It was to be in an apartment beneath the one where she sat. Her heart throbbed quickly as she heard the firm step of John Alden enter the room where she knew her father was. At first Lydia could hear low voices, soon she recognized her father speaking high and fast. Then came the sound of his foot pacing quickly across the floor, and occasionally stopping, as he raised his voice, to stamp with emphasis. Oh! what would she give to know what was passing! In a moment there were several words so loud that Lydia could hear them plainly. It was her father's voice cursing John Alden. How she stood motionless on the floor, white and motionless, with clasped hands! It was only a minute, when she heard the sound of blows and a heavy fall. With a shriek of terror she sprang to the stairs, and stood paralyzed to see her father and John Alden clinched in passion, struggling through the hall. It was a short struggle, and John Alden was thrown by the powerful old man from the door of the house he had always known as his home; while, gasping with passion, Enoch Sharp turned to his horror-stricken child, screaming in a choked voice, "He struck me! He struck me!" Lydia had no speech. Had sudden death fallen upon her father and John Alden she could not have viewed it as a more terrible blow. She stood as one smitten with a frightful nightmare. She saw the servants gather in the hall. She heard her father telling in a voice that sounded far from his own, how John Alden had struck him and reviled him because he had refused him his daughter's hand. She heard him openly curse the one whom she loved better than life, and declare that any member of his household who spoke with, or looked upon John Alden in friendship, should never again cross his threshold or touch his hand. And then Lydia felt all things swim before her, and for an hour she was senseless.

That evening there came a letter for Lydia. She had fallen mechanically into her routine of duties, and was engaged, when the letter was brought in, serving her father's supper. The letter was placed in his hands, and a glance showed him that it was from John Alden. With a lowered brow, and looking directly at the white face of his daughter, Enoch Sharp tore the letter in two and cast it into the fire. Impulsively Lydia sprang to her feet, and said, "Father!" and then burst, crying, from the room.

For an hour Enoch Sharp could hear the sobs and moans of his daughter in her room, and then when they had ceased he thought she slept, and he thought of how few the days would be ere she would forget her present passion, and allow him to give her a husband from those who were worthy, by wealth and position, to aspire to her hand. He thought of his own careful ventures in marriage, and how, without great labor, he had tasted great prosperity. And then he taught himself to believe that, at some future day, Lydia would thank him for the firm stand he had taken to prevent her marrying one who could add nothing to her fortunes. Strange reasoning, that has been ever since the world began, and will be forever. And with this argument Enoch Sharp laid his head upon his pillow and slept soundly, dismissing all thought of the houseless wanderer who had gone forth that day from his roof.

The next day the sun was shining bright as ever, the fields waved with the ripened corn, the trees hung full of golden fruit, the birds twittered in the branches, and sang their songs to the glorious daylight. But amidst all the gladness there walked one lone, solitary man, whose iron face had grown twenty years older in a single day.

That morning Enoch Sharp had been awakened with the intelligence that Lydia was not to be found—that she had left the house the night before, leaving the door of the hall unfastened, and her own room and bed undisturbed. Those who brought this word to Deacon Sharp say, that for a moment his eye flashed and his hand clinched, and then dropping his head hopelessly on the pillow he lay without speaking for several hours. When he came forth from his room the lines of his face were furrowed deeply, and those few hours had set a deeper seal than a score of years. There were those belonging to the farm who had seen John Alden about the house the night before, and this they told the old man. The hard grayness was about his face as of old, when he answered, "Th fools have made their bed, let them sleep on it." And then, when he had heard at the neighboring village that late the night before John Alden had started upon his way to New York, he bade them never speak of him again, or of the one whom he once called his daughter—that for the future they were both dead. And Deacon Enoch Sharp returned to his cheerless home, and among those things which hourly reminded him of all the past sought to teach himself forgetfulness.

Once more the Sharp farm relapsed into the careless management of old. People looked on in wondering pity that things should go so utterly astray in so short a time, and then consoled themselves with the reflection that Deacon Enoch Sharp was a rich man, and able to bear his own shortcomings. Now he seldom went into the fields to look after his laborers; his own hands never touched work, as in the days gone by. Alone in his room, hour after hour, and day after day, sat Enoch Sharp. Those who were obliged to go to him would oftener find him sitting in a listless, unoccupied way than engaged. He was growing older very fast; there was a stoop now to his body, and a hollowness to his cheek. He would talk only with those where he was obliged, of some matter connected with his property or the farm. It was fatal to any friendship that spoke even casually of his daughter. He had refused to see Dr. Wilson for no other cause than a mention of something in the past wherein she was concerned. Even with those who came to him for orders on the farm he showed a daily growing disinclination to exchange words; at some periods, for several days in succession, Enoch Sharp would send them away without orders, or leave them to idleness. Neglect and improvidence reigned every where upon the Sharp farm.

One day they came to Enoch Sharp. The well—that well celebrated for the beauty and purity of its water through all the country—was foul, wanted cleaning. The water was impure. To-morrow, Enoch Sharp said, would be time enough. To-morrow and to-morrow came many times, and still the well remained uncleaned and the water impure. At last the woman who kept the house for Enoch Sharp said to him that she could use the water no longer. Then when, as it was with all things else, he could delay no longer, he said they could clean the well; and Enoch Sharp relapsed back into the old rigid stolidity, looking into the smouldering fire vacantly for hours.

There was a hurrying and stamping of many feet in the hall, a muttering of voices, a halting of steps at the door of Deacon Sharp's room, a hand upon the knob, and the housekeeper entered. The old man is still looking into the fire. The woman, pale and ghastly, with her hands pressed against her ears, as though to shut out some unwelcome sound. She says:

"Miss Lydia, Deacon Sharp; she is here!"

The old man is on his feet; the old fire flashing through his eyes, the old clinch of the hand, the old stamp of the foot.

"Don't let her come here!" he says. "Curse her! The disobedient child shall be cursed forevermore! Don't let me see her. She made her bed—let her lie in it!"

The old woman still pressed her hands against her ears.

"She is dead, Deacon Sharp."

"Dead!" screamed the old man; "dead!"

"Drowned," answered the woman, pressing her hands still closer, and shutting her eyes, as though she were shutting away the memory of the sight. "Drowned in the well. Oh! God be with us all!"

The old man repeated, "Dead! drowned!"

They laid the fair young girl who had made her bed in the well on her own snowy counterpane, that had remained untouched since she had last smoothed its folds so many weeks before. They laid her there till kind hearts and hands came in from among the neighbors and decked her for the earth. They led the old man away from his muttering and playing with his fingers by the fireside to his bed. He had no memory of what had just occurred; his mind wandered away back in the past, when Lydia was a babe and he stood by her cradle-side. And so he lay and muttered over all his memories while they put Lydia beside her mother; and one month after Deacon Sharp awakened one morning, when they were watching for him to pass away, and spoke many things that showed light had come again to his brain. It was all clear to him now, he told Dr. Wilson, as he asked his forgiveness, and prayed truthfully with his good minister for that of God.

There was ever a way to bring down the iron, obdurate heart. He wished to see John Alden, but none knew where he could be found in that great city.

One week Deacon Enoch Sharp was lying thus between life and death. Whenever strength was given him to speak it was of Lydia he would talk; and at last when his spirit was called away, the dying man stretched forth his arms, and, with her name upon his lips, passed into the silent land. For five years the lawyers sought John Alden, without success, to tell him that the last act of Enoch Sharp's life was to make a will conveying to him, reserving only a few legacies to Dr. Wilson and others, the whole of the Sharp property. At the end of this time, when the search had been given up, John Alden came back to his native place to claim his bride. He had met success in a foreign land; and since the night when he had hovered about the house that he might have last speech with Lydia, and had gone away unsuccessful, he had no intelligence of her.

John Alden owns and lives on the Sharp farm. He is only thirty, but his hair is well streaked with gray, and he looks prematurely old.

The Deacon's well has been filled, and a small temple stands upon the spot, where, summer and winter, when the labors of the farm spare him, John Alden sits. He will never marry. "All the neighbors" say so; and the only thing farther that troubles them is, who shall inherit the Sharp farm?

WHAT I SAW.

Am I paler than is my wont, my love?
  Let me lay your head on my breast;
There is quiet truth in your dark-brown eyes,
  In the eyes that I love best.
You can twine your arms about my neck,
  And believe me all your own,
While I tell the cause of my whitened cheek
  To you, my love, alone.

There is sunshine on the crowded street,
  And the day is superbly fair;
There are beautiful women in jewels and gold,
  Wandering grandly there.
There are blooded teams, that spurn the stones,
  Tossing their heads to the wind;
Carriages covered with pomp and glare,
  Cushioned and satin-lined.

There was one I marked for the silken shine
  Of its proudly stepping bays,
Till she who sat in its cushioned depths
  Broke full on my startled gaze.
It was Madaline—she whom I loved so well—
  Draw thyself nearer to me—
When I was a boy, and she was a belle,
  And I was a stranger to thee.

She would let me hold her smooth white hand
  Till I shivered with passionate dread;
She would press her burning lips to mine,
  While I held her beautiful head.
Yes! while I held her head to my breast,
  Just where your own now lies.
Twine your arms closer about my neck
  And look me full in the eyes.

She said that she loved me better than life,
  But ah! not better than gold—
You have heard the story a thousand times,
  It is very, very old.
He can not wipe from her crimson lips
  One single passionate kiss;
He can not blot one burning word—
  Does he ever think of this?

Does she ever think of the wonderful love
  That held her above the skies?
Does her frozen heart give no response
  From its tissue of living lies?
Yes! I watched her eyes as they met my own;
  Her cheek was far paler than mine.
I had bountiful time, as she dashed along,
  To compare her beauty with thine.

She will never forget that autumn day
  When she kissed my cold, clenched hand,
When my trembling passion was crumbled away
  In a moment at her command.
I had terrible thoughts that autumn day,
  As I stood by the waves of the sea;
But oh! how deeply I thank her now
  For the words she spoke to me!

Lay your head close to my beating breast.
  Madaline married for gold.
Do you feel my heart, how warm it is?
  Madaline's heart is cold.
The look I gave her that autumn day
  Has frozen its every vein;
Madaline never will know what it is
  To love or be loved again.

Now you may know, my own sweet love,
  The reason my cheek grew pale;
I have looked on the terrible gulf I have passed,
  When borne on the blast of the gale.
Madaline—she has jewels and gold,
  And silks of a gorgeous hue;
I have myself, a beating heart,
  And you, my love—and you.

REAL GHOSTS.

I.

There is a vast difference between the real external world and the seeming external world. It is well known that there is a world of internal vision, a phantom world within us, which many and very different causes may invest with apparent substance. The cerebral excitement of fever, those obstructions or organic changes of the brain which produce insanity. Even less: some such fullness of blood-vessels as caused the Berlin bookseller Nicolai to behold ocular spectra, may, as well as many other physical states of being, bring about apparent externity of objects which are really within the camera obscura of the mind. I well remember a late celebrated physician of Birmingham telling me an anecdote respecting himself, which bears upon this point.

He was sitting writing at a late hour in his study, when, lifting up his eyes, he saw, as he thought, his maid Betty standing close to his elbow with a lighted bedroom candle in her hand. Supposing this to be a hint that Betty wanted him to go to bed, or rather was herself sleepy, he said to her, "Betty you may set down the candle and go to bed. I don't want any thing more to-night." Absorbed in writing, Dr. L——, conceiving Betty to be gone, did not look up for some time after this. But when he again raised his eyes, there stood Betty with the candle in her hand as before. The command to set it down and to go to bed was repeated; but Betty never stirred. At length, when this had happened more than two or three times, the Doctor, surprised at Betty's supposed perversity, and thinking she must be afflicted with sudden deafness, put out his hand to push her gently toward the door, thereby more energetically to demonstrate that she was, on this occasion, "Madame de Trop." Then, said Dr. L——, I received an unpleasant shock in discovering that Betty was but thin air. My hand went through the phantom; but even this did not disperse her apparent corporeal presence. I felt my pulse. I was in a raging fever. I drew out a lancet from my pocket, let myself blood, and as it flowed from my arm, Betty, till then an obstinate ghost, bent on not going to bed, was laid in the red sea of the wash-hand-basin, which I placed to catch the sanguine stream, and with her departed the danger I had run of having a violent illness.

No man, if judicious, will deny what he has no means of disproving: namely, that though of rare occurrence, there may be impressions on the nerves of sense caused by the MENTAL ACTION of his fellow-beings.

To prepare my reader's mind for the extreme case of an apparent vision of a friend just as he is dying, I throw together a few familiar instances of common thought-impressing.

Letters from friends arrive soon after we have had those friends strangely present to our thoughts. Again, the old proverb of, "Talk of the devil and he'll appear," is too constantly verified by the apparition of our friends at the wrong moment (when, perhaps, we are mauling them as only dear friends maul one another) to be referred to the doctrine of coincidence. And observe; this phenomenon happens oftenest where we expected our friend least, nay, sometimes when the inopportune friend is supposed to be a thousand miles away.

Again; it happens often that, as we walk in the streets, we suddenly think we see a well-known face and figure, and we are about to bow undoubtingly. But no; the stare of surprise in the person we half salute shows us we were mistaken. We look more narrowly, and we perceive it is *not* our friend; nay, as we approach nearer, we begin to wonder how we could have taken the stranger for him. They are so unlike. But, lo, on proceeding onward a few hundred yards, we do really encounter our man in propriâ personâ. Why should he have an avant-courier—a double so à propos and so pertinent to the occasion? I hazard the solution that the mental atmosphere of our friend had impressed us previous to his personal appearance.

But the domain in which thought-impressing may be best studied is each man's own home. Persons who live together acquire mysterious likenesses, not only of voice but of face. The resemblance of married people to each other (which began by unlikeness) is proverbial. A sympathetic atmosphere envelops families, and among every domestic circle, if the attention be once drawn to the subject, a great deal of human influence, and transmission of silent thought, will be every where perceived.

I pass to the consideration of that species of impression on the sensorium of another which is produced by the extremely excited action of a dying friend's brain: a phenomenon which, though rare, has for proof the concurrent testimony of numbers of mankind. In such a case the thought-impressing sometimes rises to the simulation of absolute vision. The impressed person thinks he sees the absent friend or relative, whose cerebral agitation influences him from afar. In other cases, the senses or the brain are differently acted upon.

Altogether I divide these kinds of impressions into five:

1. Merely mental.
2. By the sense of hearing.
3. By the sense of seeing.
4. By sight and hearing.
5. By dreams.

Of the merely mental impression I will relate two instances. The first was told me by the late Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh, to whom it occurred. The other happened to myself:

"One thing which impressed me strongly when I was yet in careless bachelorhood," said Professor Wilson, "was the following. I was in Ireland, on a visit to a charming family, where the sons were all brave and the daughters beautiful. With a gay party, in which the element of youth predominated, I went, in the course of this visit, on a picnic excursion to some ruins of an ancient castle in the neighborhood. We were all dotted picturesquely about among the moss-grown stones that lay strewn about the inner court of the broken edifice: the turf formed our table, and on this a snow-white cloth decorously presented pies, hams, chickens, and bottles to our view. The thick of the dinner being over, we still sat, or lolled in that pleasant prolongation of a repast which is the best part of a thing of the sort; but as we knew that, according to the programme, our time was limited, on account of some other spots which we had yet to visit, I was deputed to see, by a reference to my watch, that we did not overstay the hour. Accordingly, I had placed my watch, a fine old silver warming-pan, the paternal gift, on a low fragment of the ruin that was just opposite to me, and in the intervals of conversation I looked at it, though, indeed, not quite so often as at the face of Mary M. Suddenly—I perfectly remember the hands were pointing to twenty minutes past two in the sunshine—the watch arrested my gaze, while a remarkable feeling passed over me. I said to myself, but to this hour I know not why, 'At this exact time my brother R. is dying in India.' The sensation came and went with the rapidity of those unaccountable impressions

> Which make the present, while the flash doth last,
> Seem but the semblance of an unknown past.

Yet, so much was I struck with the circumstance, that, taking out my pocket-book, saying nothing, however, to any body as to why I did so, I noted down the day and hour of this strange visitation of thought. I did not exactly place confidence in the prevision, yet I could not shake off an unpleasant feeling about it. At length the circumstance became merged in the frequent repetition to myself that it was all 'fudge;' and I might call it forgotten (there was plenty of time for this, for it was not in the days of steam), when a letter from India brought our family the startling intelligence that my brother had actually died there on the very day when I had made the entry in my pocket-book, and at an hour which, by allowance for latitude, corresponded exactly with that marked by my watch when I had my eyes on it. Our correspondent also informed us that my brother had, in his last moments, mentioned me."

Such was Professor Wilson's story. My own is as follows:

Many years ago I had a friend who was in a bad state of health, but not considered to be in any immediate danger. Indeed, I had heard that he was better, and preparing to remove to a milder climate for the winter. His passage to Malta was already taken. I was then living at a village in Surrey; my friend (who had been my patient) was staying at a town in Middlesex, about fifteen miles from me. Though I had been much interested about him, my feelings at the time I speak of were, by the recent death of my father, drawn off in another direction. Perhaps I had not thought of my friend C. S. for some days, when, as I was sitting at tea with a family party, I suddenly felt myself impelled, I might say *compelled*, to call out, in the very midst, too, of other conversation, "C. S. is dying!" Every one stared. I tried to laugh, and to pooh-pooh my own exclamation; but I made a poor hand of it. The sort of way in which I had uttered the ominous words was so completely a mystery to myself, so exactly as if some one else had made use of my organs of speech, that I was unpleasantly impressed. However, I did *not* believe my own prediction, and went to bed without forebodings. I slept soundly, and without dreaming. But I awoke myself with the sound of my own voice. I was calling out loudly, "C. S. is dead!" Having a light in my room, I looked at my watch, and saw that it was between three and four in the morning. Two days afterward I received a letter with a black seal from the friend at whose house C. S. had been staying. C. S. *was* dead. On the very day, and at the very hour when I had called out "C. S. is dying!"—that is, seven in the evening—he had been suddenly seized, as he also sat at tea (for he had never kept his bed), with a difficulty of breathing. He could no longer support himself, and was carried up to bed. From that time until between three and four in the morning he was dying, and conscious that he was dying. He spoke much of me, and sent me some last messages. His last breath seems to have been drawn at the very moment when I woke myself by calling out, "C. S. is dead!"

II.

I now proceed to give an example of the second mode of the moribund human influence, namely,

Impression by hearing.

Of this I know but one single instance. This, however, was related to me by the very person to whom the thing happened, a gentleman to whom I was introduced by some old friends of mine, who corroborated the story both by their intimate knowledge of the relater's veracity, and by having heard from other members of his family—who were equally ear-witnesses of the fact—precisely the same account of it.

The following is the narrative of Mr. G.:

Mr. G. loquitur:

"I was living, when I was about eighteen, with my grandmother and my sisters, in a solitary house in Yorkshire. I am particular in describing to you the sort of house and its situation, because that has something to do with the story. It was a kind of old manor-house, square and solid, that stood on the highest part of a wide and barren wold. There were no large trees near the house, only a few shrubberies; and even these were removed away from the mansion, which was still further isolated by a wide paving of large flag-stones that went entirely round it. Any one who placed himself on a kind of gazebo which terminated the nearly flat roof, could not only see all round the immediate vicinity of the mansion, but might detect any moving thing to a considerable distance. In short, nothing could be more bare and bleak than the situation of the house, and, at the same time, less calculated for concealment of any kind.

"One moonlight night, in the late autumn, when the general bareness of the scene was increased by the thinness of the departing foliage, the family were assembled in the large drawing-room. Suddenly, about nine o'clock, a maid-servant rushed into the apartment and called out, 'Oh, sir! oh, ma'am! we've all been hearing the voice of the poor little black boy. He is calling out "Massa George!"'

"To make this intelligible, I must tell you that we had had a little black fellow over from our property in Jamaica, an orphan. This lad was especially considered my servant, and had attached himself to me in a most remarkable manner. I had, a week or two before my story commences, been obliged to leave him on account of his being laid up with fever at Liverpool, whither I had gone on mercantile affairs. He always had been in the habit of calling me 'Massa George!' and it was this well-known appellation in the well-known voice of the black that the maid-servants now declared they heard reiterated outside the kitchen window.

"'But you may hear it yourself, Sir!' exclaimed the maid. 'Though where the poor lad is we can not find out.'

"Our whole party, upon this, dispersed to different windows, which having opened, we, in effect, all heard, in no long time, the voice of poor little Dick, singing out, 'Massa George!' At first we did not doubt that Dick, having got better, had left Liverpool, and was really somewhere near the house. We therefore searched all about the garden and shrubberies, but no Dick was to be found. Outhouses there were none to examine, for offices and stables were alike collected under the roof of our mansion, which was farm and manor-house all in one. We re-entered the house. We went into all the rooms. We went up to the gazebo. For miles around the country lay quiet in the moonlight, and so distinct that even a doe might have been seen stirring any where about it. But nothing was to be detected. We unchained the house-dog and let him roam around the premises. He bayed the moon a little, seemed uneasy, listened, howled, and sneaked back to his kennel. Having thus done all we could to find the black boy or detect a trick we felt an uneasy conviction of something strange stealing upon us. The voice, too, instead of ceasing, floated about the house more wildly than at first. Never shall I forget that cry! 'Massa George! Massa George!' In every tone of the boy's well-known voice it came upon the perfect stillness of a breathless October evening in a manner which I can hardly attempt to describe. At times it seemed to go off into the distance, retreating and retreating, till it was all but inaudible. Then the faint smothered tones seemed, by degrees, to gather themselves up, and to approach the house again. Sometimes the cry ceased altogether, then suddenly seemed sounding in our very ears. And there was an impatience, an agony in the sound, which was heart-rending. 'Mas—sa —Ge—orge!' in a long, wailing manner, was repeated, as if the boy implored me to come to him, to pity him, to help him. And this not for a few minutes, or for half an hour, but for above two hours. At length the sounds became fainter and fainter, and only sobbed at intervals upon the air, till every thing subsided into silence.

"The next post from Liverpool brought the news of poor little Dick's death. The letter said, 'He suffered much at the last; and he never ceased to cry, "Massa George!" for two hours before he expired.' Those two hours were the very same during which the voice was crying out round our house in Yorkshire."

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," ETC.

[From Advance Sheets, direct from the Author.]

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN a man misbehaves, the effect is curious on a girl who loves him sincerely. It makes her pity him. This, to some of us males, seems any thing but logical. The fault is in our own eye, the logic is too swift for us. The girl argues thus: "How unhappy, how vexed, poor * * * must be; *him* to misbehave!"

Margaret was full of this sweet womanly pity, when, to her great surprise, scarce an hour and a half after he left her, Gerard came running back to her with the fragments of a picture in his hand, and panting with anger and grief.

"There, Margaret! see! see! the wretches! Look at their spite! They have cut your portrait to pieces."

Margaret looked. And, sure enough, some malicious hand had cut her portrait into five pieces. She was a good girl; but she was not ice; she turned red to her very forehead.

"Who did it?"

"Nay, I know not. I dared not ask; for I should hate the hand that did it, ay, till my dying day. My poor Margaret! The beasts! the ruffians! Six months' work cut out of my life, and nothing to show for it now. See, they have hacked through your very face—the sweet face that every one loves who knows it. O, heartless, merciless vipers!"

"Never mind, Gerard," said Margaret, panting. "Since this is how they treat you for my sake—you rob him of my portrait, do you! Well, then I give him the original."

"Oh, Margaret!"

"Yes, Gerard; since they are so cruel, I will be the kinder: forgive me for refusing you. I will be your wife—to-morrow, if it is your pleasure."

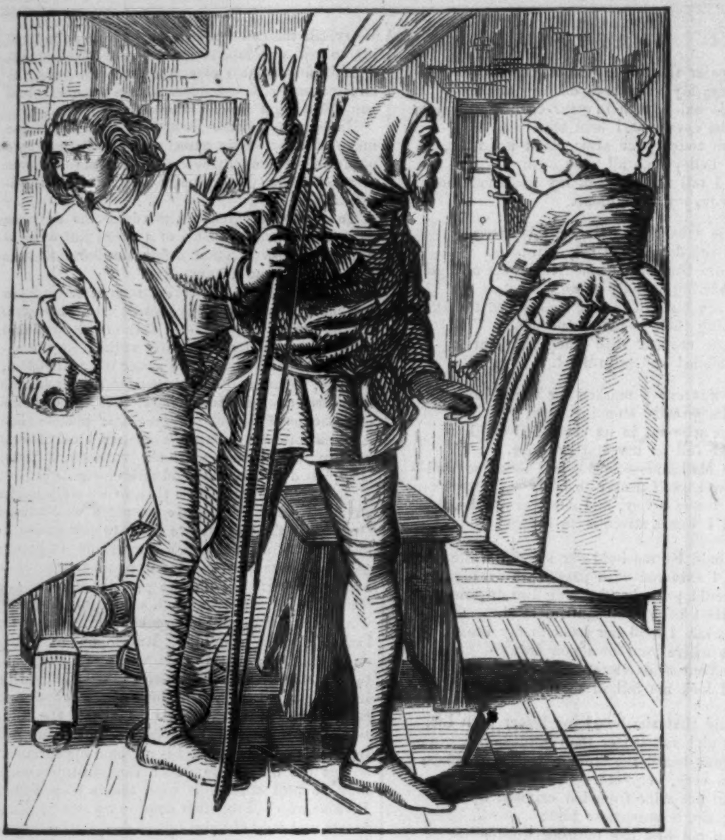
CHAPTER XIII.

THE bans of marriage had to be read three times, as with us; but they were read on weekdays, and the young couple easily persuaded the curé to do the three readings in twenty-four hours: he was new to the place, and their looks spoke volumes in their favor. They were cried on Monday at matins and at vespers; and, to their great delight, nobody from Tergou was in the church. The next morning they were both there, palpitating with anxiety, when, to their horror, a stranger stood up and forbade the bans, on the score that the parties were not of age, and their parents not consenting.

Outside the church door Margaret and Gerard held a trembling and almost despairing consultation; but before they could settle any thing, the man who had done them so ill a turn approached, and gave them to understand that he was very sorry to interfere; that his inclination was to further the happiness of the young: but that in point of fact his only means of getting a living was by forbidding bans: what then? The young people give me a crown, and I undo my work handsomely; tell the curé I was misinformed; and all goes smoothly.

"A crown? I will give you a golden angel to do this," said Gerard, eagerly. The man consented as eagerly, and went with Gerard to the curé, and told him he had made a ridiculous mistake, which a sight of the parties had rectified. On this the curé agreed to marry the young couple next day at ten: and the professional obstructor of bliss went home with Gerard's angel. Like most of these very clever knaves, he was a fool, and proceeded to drink his angel at a certain hostelry in Tergou, where was a green devoted to archery and the common sports of the day. There, being drunk, he bragged of his day's exploit; and who should be there, imbibing every word, but a great frequenter of the sport, the ne'er-do-weel Sybrandt. Sybrandt ran home to tell his father; his father was not at home; he was gone to Rotterdam to buy cloth of the merchants. Catching his elder brother's eye, he made him a signal to come out, and told him what he had heard.

There are black sheep in nearly every large family: and these two were Gerard's black brothers. Idleness is vitiating: waiting for the death of those we ought to love is vitiating: and these two one-idead curs were ready to tear any one to death that should interfere with that miserable inheritance, which was their thought by day and their dream by night. Their parents' parsimony was a virtue; it was accompanied by industry, and its motive was love of their offspring; but in these perverse and selfish hearts that homely virtue was perverted into avarice, than which no more fruitful source of crimes is to be found in nature.



They put their heads together, and agreed not to tell their mother, whose sentiments were so uncertain, but to go first to the Burgomaster. They were cunning enough to see that he was averse to the match, though they could not divine why.

Ghysbrecht Van Swieten saw through them at once; but he took care not to let them see through him. He heard their story; and, putting on magisterial dignity and coldness, he said:

"Since the father of the family is not here, his duty devolves on me, who am the father of the town. I know your father's mind; leave all to me: and, above all, tell no woman a word of all this, least of all the women that are in your own house: for chattering tongues mar the wisest counsels."

So he dismissed them a little superciliously: he was ashamed of his confederates.

On their return home they found their brother Gerard seated on a low stool at their mother's knee: she was caressing his hair with her hand, speaking very kindly to him, and promising to take his part with his father and thwart his love no more. The main cause of this change of mind was one that the reader will comprehend, if he has ever known a woman of this kind. It was this. She it was who in a moment of female irritation had cut Margaret's picture to pieces. She had watched the effect with some misgivings, and had seen Gerard turn pale as death, and sit motionless like a bereaved creature, with the pieces in his hands, and his eyes fixed on them till tears came and blinded them. Then she was terrified at what she had done; and next her heart smote her bitterly; and she wept sore apart: but, being what she was, dared not own it, but said to herself, "I'll not say a word, but I'll make it up to him." And her bowels yearned over her son, and her feeble violence died a natural death, and she was transferring her fatal alliance to Gerard when the two black sheep came in. Gerard knew nothing of the immediate cause; on the contrary, her kindness made this novice ashamed of a suspicion he had for a moment entertained that she was the depredator; and he kissed her again and again, and went to bed happy as a prince to think his mother was his mother once more at the very crisis of his fate.

The next morning, at ten o'clock, Gerard and Margaret were in the church at Sevenbergen—he radiant with joy, she with blushes. Peter was also there, and Martin Wittenhaage, but no other friend. Secrecy was every thing. Margaret had declined Italy. She could not leave her father; he was too learned and too helpless. But it was settled they should retire into Flanders for a few weeks until the storm should be blown over at Tergou. The curé did not keep them waiting long, though it seemed an age. Presently he stood at the altar, and called them to him. They went hand in hand the happiest in Holland. The curé opened his book.

But ere he had uttered a single word of the sacred rite, a harsh voice cried "Forbear!" And the constables of Tergou came up the aisle and seized Gerard in the name of the law. Martin's long knife flashed out directly.

"Forbear man!" cried the Priest. "What! draw your weapon in a church! And you who interrupt this holy sacrament—what means this impiety?"

"There is no impiety, father," said the Burgomaster's servant, respectfully. "This young man would marry against his father's will, and his father has prayed our Burgomaster to deal with him according to the law. Let him deny it if he can."

"Is this so, young man?"

Gerard hung his head.

"We take him to Rotterdam to abide the sentence of the duke."

At this Margaret uttered a cry of despair, and the young creatures, who were so happy a moment ago, fell to sobbing in one another's arms so piteously that the instruments of oppression drew back a step, and were ashamed; but one of them that was good-natured stepped up under pretense of separating them, and whispered:

"Rotterdam? it is a lie! We but take him to our Stadthouse."

They took him away on horseback, on the road to Rotterdam; and, after a dozen halts, and by sly detours, to Tergou. Just outside the town they were met by a rude vehicle covered with canvas. Gerard was put into this, and about five in the evening was secretly conveyed into the prison of the Stadthouse. He was taken up several flights of stairs and thrust into a small room lighted only by a narrow window with a verticle iron bar. The whole furniture was a huge oak chest.

Imprisonment in those days was one of the high roads to death. It is horrible in its mildest form; but in these days it implied cold, unbroken solitude, torture, starvation, and often poison. Gerard felt he was in the hands of an enemy.

"Oh, the look that man gave me on the road to Rotterdam. There is more here than my father's wrath. I doubt I shall see no more the light of day." And he kneeled down and commended his soul to God.

Then he rose and sprung at the iron bar of the window and clutched it. This enabled him, by pressing his knees against the wall, to look out. It was but for a minute; but in that minute he saw a sight that none but a captive can appreciate.

He saw Martin Wittenhaage's back.

Martin was sitting, quietly fishing in the brook near the Stadthouse.

Gerard sprang again at the window, and whistled. Martin instantly showed that he was watching much harder than he was fishing. He turned hastily round and saw Gerard; made him a signal, and taking up his line and bow went quickly off.

Gerard saw by this that his friends were not idle, yet he had rather Martin had staid. The very sight of him was a comfort. He held on, looking at the soldier's retiring form as long as he could, then falling back somewhat heavily, wrenched the rusty iron bar—held only by rusty nails—away from the stone-work just as Ghysbrecht Van Swieten opened the door stealthily behind him. The Burgomaster's eye fell instantly on the iron, and then glanced at the window; but he said nothing. The window was eight feet high; and if Gerard had a fancy for jumping out, why should he balk it? He brought a brown loaf and a pitcher of water, and set them on the chest in solemn silence. Gerard's first impulse was to brain him with the iron bar, and fly down the stairs; but the Burgomaster seeing something wicked in his eye, gave a little cough, and three stout fellows, armed, showed themselves directly at the door.

"My orders are to keep you thus until you shall bind yourself by an oath to leave Margaret Brandt and return to the church to which you have belonged from infancy."

"Death sooner!"

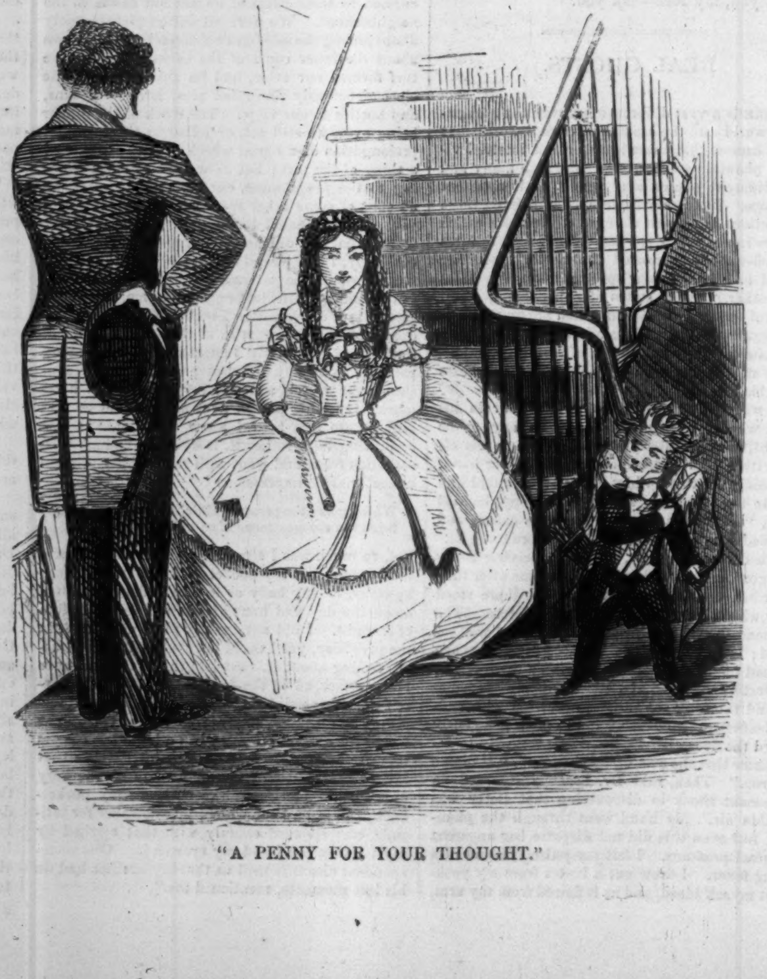
"As you please." And the Burgomaster retired.

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHT.

"HUSBAND, you are busy thinking,
Past and present ever linking;
Take a penny for the thought:
Strike a bargain. Is it bought?
Let me know."

"'Tis a fancy over-wrought!
Be it so.
I remember, long ago,
Cupid's dart
Struck my heart;
Cupid caught me unaware;
On the landing of a stair,
Strung his bow.
And I'm still acutely feeling
(For the wound is never-healing)
All the smart
Of the blow.

"And a maiden fresh and fair,
Sitting yonder in the chair,
Saw him do it:
Held me by her eyes and hair—
By the magic of her air—
Held me there
While he drew it.
Now you know,
Pay for hearing!—Only this:
But a penny!
Take it back, and give—a kiss,
One of many."



"A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHT."

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

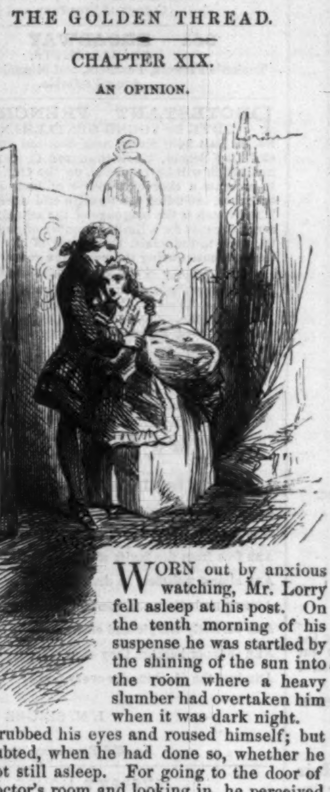
☞ Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN OPINION.



WORN out by anxious watching, Mr. Lorry fell asleep at his post. On the tenth morning of his suspense he was startled by the shining of the sun into the room where a heavy slumber had overtaken him when it was dark night.

He rubbed his eyes and roused himself; but he doubted, when he had done so, whether he was not still asleep. For going to the door of the Doctor's room and looking in, he perceived that the shoemaker's bench and tools were put aside again, and that the Doctor himself sat reading at the window. He was in his usual morning dress, and his face (which Mr. Lorry could distinctly see), though still very pale, was calmly studious and attentive.

Even when he had satisfied himself that he was awake, Mr. Lorry felt giddily uncertain for some few moments whether the late shoemaking might not be a disturbed dream of his own; for did not his eyes show him his friend before him in his accustomed clothing and aspect, and employed as usual; and was there any sign within their range that the change of which he had so strong an impression had actually happened?

It was but the inquiry of his first confusion and astonishment, the answer being obvious. If the impression were not produced by a real corresponding and sufficient cause, how came he, Jarvis Lorry, there? How came he to have fallen asleep, in his clothes, on the sofa in Doctor Manette's consulting-room, and to be debating these points outside the Doctor's bedroom door in the early morning?

Within a few minutes Miss Pross stood whispering at his side. If he had had any particle of doubt left her talk would of necessity have resolved it; but he was by that time clear-headed, and had none. He advised that they should let the time go by until the regular breakfast-hour, and should then meet the Doctor as if nothing unusual had occurred. If he appeared to be in his customary state of mind, Mr. Lorry would then cautiously proceed to seek direction and guidance from the opinion he had been, in his anxiety, so anxious to obtain.

Miss Pross submitting herself to his judgment, the scheme was worked out with care. Having abundance of time for his usual methodical toilet, Mr. Lorry presented himself at the breakfast-hour in his usual white linen, and with his usual neat leg. The Doctor was summoned in the usual way, and came to breakfast.

So far as it was possible to comprehend him without overstepping those delicate and gradual approaches which Mr. Lorry felt to be the only safe advance, he at first supposed that his daughter's marriage had taken place yesterday. An incidental allusion, purposely thrown out, to the day of the week and the day of the month, set him thinking and counting, and evidently made him uneasy. In all other respects, however, he was so composedly himself that Mr. Lorry determined to have the aid he sought. And that aid was his own.

Therefore, when the breakfast was done and cleared away, and he and the Doctor were left together, Mr. Lorry said, feelingly:

"My dear Manette, I am anxious to have your opinion, in confidence, on a very curious case in which I am deeply interested; that is to say, it is very curious to me—perhaps to your better information it may be less so."

Glancing at his hands, which were discolored by his late work, the Doctor looked troubled and listened attentively. He had already glanced at his hands more than once.

"Doctor Manette," said Mr. Lorry, touching him affectionately on the arm, "the case is the case of a particularly dear friend of mine. Pray give your mind to it, and advise me well for his sake—and above all, for his daughter's—his daughter's, my dear Manette."

"If I understand," said the Doctor, in a subdued tone, "some mental shock—?"

"Yes!"

"Be explicit," said the Doctor. "Spare no detail."

Mr. Lorry saw that they understood one another, and proceeded.

"My dear Manette, it is the case of an old and a prolonged shock, of great acuteness and severity, to the affections, the feelings, the—the—as you express it—the mind. The mind. It is the case of a shock under which the sufferer was borne down, one can not say for how long, because I believe he can not calculate the time himself, and there are no other means of getting at it. It is the case of a shock from which the sufferer recovered by a process that he can not trace himself—as I once heard him publicly relate in a striking manner. It is the case of a shock from which he has recovered so completely as to be a highly intelligent man, capable of close application of mind and great exertion of body, and of constantly making fresh additions to his stock of knowledge, which was already very large. But, unfortunately, there has been—" he paused and took a deep breath—"a slight relapse."

The Doctor, in a low voice, asked, "Of how long duration?"

"Nine days and nights."

"How did it show itself? I infer," glancing at his hands again, "in the resumption of some old pursuit connected with the shock?"

"That is the fact."

"Now, did you ever see him," asked the Doctor, distinctly and collectedly, though in the same low voice, "engaged in that pursuit originally?"

"Once."

"And when the relapse fell on him, was he in most respects—or in all respects—as he was then?"

"I think, in all respects."

"You spoke of his daughter. Does his daughter know of the relapse?"

"No. It has been kept from her, and I hope will always be kept from her. It is known only to myself, and to one other who may be trusted."

The Doctor grasped his hand and murmured, "That was very kind. That was very thoughtful!" Mr. Lorry grasped his hand in return, and neither of the two spoke for a little while.

"Now, my dear Manette," said Mr. Lorry, at length, in his most considerate and most affectionate way, "I am a mere man of business, and unfit to cope with such intricate and difficult matters. I do not possess the kind of information necessary; I do not possess the kind of intelligence; I want guiding. There is no man in this world on whom I could so rely for right guidance as on you. Tell me, how does this relapse come about? Is there danger of another? Could a repetition of it be prevented? How should a repetition of it be treated? How does it come about at all? What can I do for my friend? No man ever can have been more desirous in his heart to serve a friend than I am to serve mine, if I knew how. But I don't know how to originate in such a case. If your sagacity, knowledge, and experience could put me on the right track, I might be able to do so much; unenlightened and undirected, I can do so little. Pray discuss it with me; pray enable me to see it a little more clearly, and teach me how to be a little more useful."

Doctor Manette sat meditating after these earnest words were spoken, and Mr. Lorry did not hurry him.

"I think it probable," said the Doctor, breaking silence with an effort, "that the relapse you have described, my dear friend, was not quite unforeseen by its subject."

"Was it dreaded by him?" Mr. Lorry ventured to ask.

"Very much." He said it with an involuntary shudder. "You have no idea how such an apprehension weighs on the sufferer's mind, and how difficult—how almost impossible—it is, for him to force himself to utter a word upon the topic that oppresses him."

"Would he," asked Mr. Lorry, "be sensibly relieved if he could prevail upon himself to impart that secret brooding to any one, when it is on him?"

"I think so. But it is, as I have told you, next to impossible. I even believe it—in some cases—to be quite impossible."

"Now," said Mr. Lorry, gently laying his hand on the Doctor's arm again, after a short silence on both sides, to what would you refer this attack?"

"I believe," returned Doctor Manette, "that there had been a strong and extraordinary revival of the train of thought and remembrance that was the first cause of the malady. Some intense associations of a most distressing nature were vividly recalled, I think. It is probable that there had long been a dread lurking in his mind that those associations would be recalled—say, under certain circumstances—say, on a particular occasion. He tried to prepare himself in vain; perhaps the effort to prepare himself made him less able to bear it."

"Would he remember what took place in the relapse?" asked Mr. Lorry, with natural hesitation.

The Doctor looked desolately round the room, shook his head, and answered, in a low voice, "Not at all."

"Now, as to the future," hinted Mr. Lorry.

"As to the future," said the Doctor, recovering firmness, "I should have great hope. As it pleased Heaven in its mercy to restore him so soon, I should have great hope. He, yielding under the pressure of a complicated something, long dreaded and long vaguely foreseen and contended against, and recovering after the cloud had burst and passed, I should hope that the worst was over."

"Well, well! That's good comfort. I am thankful!" said Mr. Lorry.

"I am thankful!" repeated the Doctor, bending his head with reverence.

"There are two other points," said Mr. Lorry, "on which I am anxious to be instructed. I may go on?"

"You can not do your friend a better service." The Doctor gave him his hand.

"To the first, then. He is of a studious habit, and unusually energetic; he applies himself with great ardor to the acquisition of professional knowledge, to the conducting of experiments, to many things. Now, does he do too much?"

"I think not. It may be the character of his mind to be always in singular need of occupation. That may be, in part, natural to it; in part, the result of affliction. The less it was occupied with healthy things, the more it would be in danger of turning in the unhealthy direction. He may have observed himself, and made the discovery."

"You are sure that he is not under too great a strain?"

"I think I am quite sure of it."

"My dear Manette, if he were overworked now—"

"My dear Lorry, I doubt if that could easily be. There has been a violent stress in one direction, and it needs a counterweight."

"Excuse me, as a persistent man of business. Assuming for a moment that he *was* overworked, it would show itself in some renewal of this disorder?"

"I do not think so. I do not think," said Doctor Manette, with the firmness of self-conviction, "that any thing but the one train of association would renew it. I think that, henceforth, nothing but some extraordinary jarring of that chord could renew it. After what has happened, and after his recovery, I find it difficult to imagine any such violent sounding of that string again. I trust, and I almost believe, that the circumstances likely to renew it are exhausted."

He spoke with the diffidence of a man who knew how slight a thing would overset the delicate organization of the mind, and yet with the confidence of a man who had slowly won his assurance out of personal endurance and distress. It was not for his friend to abate that confidence. He professed himself more relieved and encouraged than he really was, and approached his second and last point. He felt it to be the most difficult of all; but remembering his old Sunday morning conversation with Miss Pross, and remembering what he had seen in the last nine days, he knew that he must face it.

"The occupation resumed under the influence of this passing affliction so happily recovered from," said Mr. Lorry, clearing his throat, "we will call—Blacksmith's work. Blacksmith's work. We will say, to put a case, and for the sake of illustration, that he had been used in his bad time to work at a little forge. We will say that he was unexpectedly found at his forge again. Is it not a pity that he should keep it by him?"

The Doctor shaded his forehead with his hand, and beat his foot nervously on the ground.

"He has always kept it by him," said Mr. Lorry, with an anxious look at his friend. "Now, would it not be better that he should let it go?"

Still the Doctor, with shaded forehead, beat his foot nervously on the ground.

"You do not find it easy to advise me?" said Mr. Lorry. "I quite understand it to be a nice question. And yet I think—" And there he shook his head, and stopped.

"You see," said Doctor Manette, turning to him after an uneasy pause, "it is very hard to explain, consistently, the innermost workings of this poor man's mind. He once yearned so frightfully for that occupation, and it was so welcome when it came; no doubt it relieved his pain so much, by substituting the perplexity of the fingers for the perplexity of the brain, and by substituting, as he became more practiced, the ingenuity of the hands for the ingenuity of the mental torture, that he has never been able to bear the thought of putting it quite out of his reach. Even now, when, I believe, he is more hopeful of himself than he has ever been, and even speaks of himself with a kind of confidence, the idea that he might need that old employment, and not find it, gives him a sudden sense of terror like that which one may fancy strikes to the heart of a lost child."

He looked like his illustration as he raised his eyes to Mr. Lorry's face.

"But may not— Mind! I ask for no information, as a plodding man of business who only deals with such material objects as guineas, shillings, and bank-notes—may not the retention of the thing involve the retention of the idea? If the thing were gone, my dear Manette, might not the fear go with it? In short, is it not a concession to the misgiving to keep the forge?"

There was another silence.

"You see, too," said the Doctor, tremulously, "it is such an old companion."

"I would not keep it," said Mr. Lorry, shaking his head; for he gained in firmness as he saw the Doctor disquieted. "I would recommend him to sacrifice it. I only want your authority. I am sure it does no good. Come! Give me your authority, like a dear, good man. For his daughter's sake, my dear Manette!"

Very strange to see what a struggle there was within him!

"In her name, then, let it be done; I sanction it. But I would not take it away while he was present. Let it be removed when he is not there; let him miss his old companion after an absence."

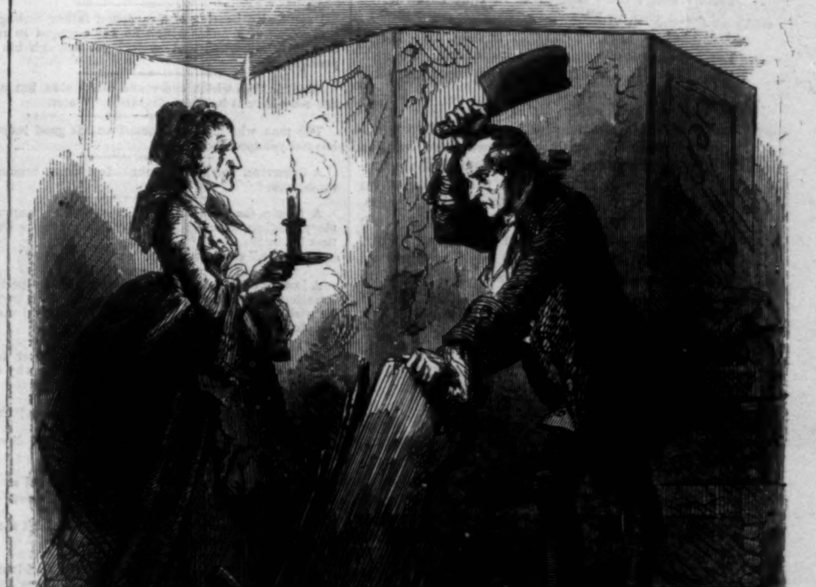
Mr. Lorry readily engaged for that, and the conference was ended. They passed the day in the country, and the Doctor was quite restored. On the three following days he remained perfectly well, and on the fourteenth day he went away to join Lucie and her husband. The precaution that had been taken to account for his silence Mr. Lorry had previously explained to him, and he had written to Lucie in accordance with it, and she had no suspicions.

On the night of the day on which he left the house Mr. Lorry went into his room with a chopper, saw, chisel, and hammer, attended by Miss Pross, carrying a light. There, with closed doors, and in a mysterious and guilty manner, Mr. Lorry hacked the shoemaker's bench to pieces, while Miss Pross held the candle as if she were assisting at a murder—for which, indeed, in her grimness, she was no unsuitable figure. The burning of the body (previously reduced to pieces convenient for the purpose) was commenced without delay in the kitchen fire; and the tools, shoes, and leather were buried in the garden. So wicked do destruction and secrecy appear to honest minds, that Mr. Lorry and Miss Pross, while engaged in the commission of their deed, and in the removal of its traces, almost felt, and almost looked, like accomplices in a horrible crime.

CHAPTER XX.

A PLEA.

WHEN the newly-married pair came home, the first person who appeared to offer his congratulations was Sydney Carton. They had not been at home many hours when he presented himself. He was not improved in habits, or in



THE AUTO DA FE.

looks, or in manner; but there was a certain rugged air of fidelity about him, which was new to the observation of Charles Darnay.

He watched his opportunity of taking Darnay aside into a window, and of speaking to him when no one overheard.

"Mr. Darnay," said Carton, "I wish we might be friends."

"We are already friends, I hope."

"You are good enough to say so as a fashion of speech; but I don't mean any fashion of speech. Indeed, when I say I wish we might be friends, I scarcely mean quite that, either."

Charles Darnay—as was natural—asked him, in all good-humor and good-fellowship, what he did mean?

"Upon my life," said Carton, smiling, "I find that easier to comprehend in my own mind than to convey to yours. However, let me try. You remember a certain famous occasion when I was more drunk than—than usual?"

"I remember a certain famous occasion when you forced me to confess that you had been drinking."

"I remember it too. The curse of those occasions is heavy upon me, for I always remember them. I hope it may be taken into account one day, when all days are at an end for me!—Don't be alarmed; I am not going to preach."

"I am not at all alarmed. Earnestness in you is any thing but alarming to me."

"Ah!" said Carton, with a careless wave of his hand, as if he waved that away. "On the drunken occasion in question (one of a large number, as you know) I was insufferable about liking you and not liking you. I wish you would forget it."

"I forgot it long ago."

"Fashion of speech again. But, Mr. Darnay, oblivion is not so easy to me as you represent it to be to you. I have by no means forgotten it, and a light answer does not help me to forget it."

"If it was a light answer," returned Darnay, "I beg your forgiveness for it. I had no other object than to turn a slight thing, which, to my surprise, seems to trouble you too much, aside. I declare to you, on the faith of a gentleman, that I have long dismissed it from my mind. Good Heaven, what was there to dismiss? Have I had nothing more important to remember in the great service you rendered me that day?"

"As to the great service," said Carton, "I am bound to avow to you, when you speak of it in that way, that it was mere professional claptrap. I don't know that I cared what became of you when I rendered it. Mind! I say when I rendered it; I am speaking of the past."

"You make light of the obligation," returned Darnay, "but I will not quarrel with *your* light answer."

"Genuine truth, Mr. Darnay, trust me! I have gone aside from my purpose; I was speaking about our being friends. Now you know me; you know I am incapable of all the higher and better flights of men. If you doubt it, ask Stryver, and he'll tell you so."

"I prefer to form my own opinion without the aid of his."

"Well! At any rate you know me as a dissolute dog, who has never done any good, and never will."

"I don't know that you 'never will.'"

"But I do, and you must take my word for it. Well! If you could endure to have such a worthless fellow, and a fellow of such indifferent reputation, coming and going at odd times, I should ask that I might be permitted to come and go as a privileged person here; that I might be regarded as a useless (and I would add, if it were not for the resemblance I detected between you and me, an unornamental) piece of furniture, tolerated for its old service, and taken no notice of. I doubt if I should abuse the permission. It is a hundred to one if I should avail myself of it four times in a year. It would satisfy me, I dare say, to know that I had it."

"Will you try?"

"That is another way of saying that I am placed on the footing I have indicated. I thank you, Darnay. I may use that freedom with your name?"

"I think so, Carton, by this time."

They shook hands upon it, and Sydney turned away. Within a minute afterward he was, to all outward appearance, as unsubstantial as ever.

When he was gone, and in the course of an evening passed with Miss Pross, the Doctor, and Mr. Lorry, Charles Darnay made some mention of this conversation in general terms, and spoke of Sydney Carton as a problem of carelessness and recklessness. He spoke of him, in short, not bitterly or meaning to bear hard upon him, but as any body might who saw him as he showed himself.

He had no idea that this could dwell in the thoughts of his fair young wife; but when he afterward joined her in their own rooms, he found her waiting for him, with the old pretty lifting of the forehead strongly marked.

"We are thoughtful to-night!" said Darnay, drawing his arm about her.

"Yes, dearest Charles," with her hands on his breast, and the inquiring and attentive expression fixed upon him; "we are rather thoughtful to-night, for we have something on our mind to-night."

"What is it, my Lucie?"

"Will you promise not to press one question on me, if I beg you not to ask it?"

"Will I promise? What will I not promise to my Love?"

What, indeed, with his hand putting aside the golden hair from the cheek, and his other hand against the heart that beat for him!

"I think, Charles, poor Mr. Carton deserves more consideration and respect than you expressed for him to-night."

"Indeed, my own? Why so?"

"That is what you are not to ask me. But I think—I know—he does."

"If you know it, it is enough. What would you have me do, my Life?"

"I would ask you, dearest, to be very generous with him always, and very lenient on his faults when he is not by. I would ask you to believe that he has a heart he very, very seldom reveals, and that there are deep wounds in it. My dear, I have seen it bleeding."

"It is a painful reflection to me," said Charles Darnay, quite astounded, "that I should have done him any wrong. I never thought this of him."

"My husband, it is so. I fear he is not to be reclaimed; there is scarcely a hope that any thing in his character or fortunes is reparable now. But I am sure that he is capable of good things, gentle things, even magnanimous things."

She looked so beautiful in the purity of her faith in this lost man that her husband could have looked at her as she was for hours.

"And, oh my dearest Love!" she urged, clinging nearer to him, laying her head upon his breast and raising her eyes to his, "remember how strong we are in our happiness, and how weak he is in his misery!"

The supplication touched him home. "I will always remember it, dear Heart! I will remember it as long as I live."

He bent over the golden head, and put the rosy lips to his, and folded her in his arms. If one forlorn wanderer, then pacing the dark streets, could have heard her innocent disclosure, and could have seen the drops of pity kissed away by her husband from the soft blue eyes so loving of that husband, he might have cried to the night—and the words would not have parted from his lips for the first time—

"God bless her for her sweet compassion!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE UMBRELLA BITER BIT.—It rained—hopelessly. The clouds came down in sheets and sluices. Monsieur de H——, an elegant "of the first water," found this second water too wet for him. He was islanded under another man's portico, and not a hackney coach or an umbrella within screaming at. Suddenly around the corner comes a plain citizen, housed under a protecting canopy of blue cotton and whalebone; but, under this enviable umbrella, walking alone. A thought seizes Monsieur de H——. He rushes to the citizen's side, and seizing him affectionately by the arm, commences eager narration of a touching train of events. Not giving his astonished listener time to respond, he hurries him along—sharing his umbrella, of course, as he goes—and clinging closely to his side, and vociferating the confidential communications till they arrive at the Boulevard. He stops at a *café*, and then, for the first time, apparently, takes a surprised look at the face of his umbrella-lender. Overwhelming apologies—had wholly mistaken the person—thought it was his intimate friend—begs ten thousand pardons—and dodges into the safe inside of the coffee-house. But the fun was to be in the telling the story. To a convulsed circle of delighted fellow-dandies Monsieur de H—— was telling his adventures, when, by chance, placing his hand upon his heart, he missed the usual protuberance in his vest pocket. The valuable gold watch was gone! In his close clinging to the apparently plain citizen the gay joker had hugged a pickpocket, and—"consequence was!" But he was subsequently fonder of "a dry joke" than a wet one!—*Paris Letter.*

A dandy with more beauty than brains married an heiress, who, although very accomplished, was by no means handsome. One day he said to her, "My dear, as ugly as you are, I love you as well as though you were pretty."

"Thank you, love," was the reply. "I can return the compliment, for, fool as you are, I love you as well as though you had wit!"

A man went into a beer-shop and called for a pint of ale. He drank a little, and thinking it tasted rather queerly, asked the landlord if any thing was the matter with his beer. The answer was, that it was first-rate beer. This satisfied the customer, and he swallowed the remainder. When he got to the bottom, seeing something in the measure, he asked what it was. "I declare," said Boniface, "I forgot to take out the soap when I shaved this morning!"

"Gubbins is very close," it was observed; "he will squabble about a single farthing."

"Well," remarked Sharp, "I have always thought the *less* one squabbles about the better."

Dean Swift, hearing of a carpenter falling through the scaffolding of a house which he was engaged in repairing, dryly remarked that he had got through his work promptly.

What is that which every one can divide, but no one can see where it has been divided? Water.

The man who planted himself on his good intentions has not yet sprouted.

A QUESTION FOR SURVEYORS.—Is a crazy tenement a mad-house?

A person fond of the marvelous told an improbable story, adding, as was his wont, "Did you ever hear of that before?"

"No, Sir," said the other; "pray, did you?"

A lawyer on his death-bed willed all his property to a lunatic asylum, stating as his reason for so doing, that he wished his property to return to the liberal class of people who had patronized him.

Dr. Johnson says, "Good actions are never lost or thrown away." That is probably the reason why one so seldom meets with them.

An apothecary asserted in a large company "that all bitter things were hot."

"No," replied a physician, "a bitter cold day is an exception."

Most kinds of roots and bark are now used as medicines, except the cube root and the bark of a dog.

Many a man keeps on drinking till he hasn't a coat to either his back or his stomach.

One of the Princeton boys writes an incident very characteristic of our friends the gintlemen from Ireland: "There was a great excitement in college; the students had taken possession of an old revolutionary cannon belonging to the town, and planted it in the college *campus*, where it was watched night and day for a month, the students apprehending a reprisal from the townsmen. One night the alarm was given, and the whole college assembled around the cannon armed to the teeth. Just then one of the old college servants, an Irishman, 'Larry' by name, appeared, armed with a club, ready to assist his masters, the students, and thus expressed himself: 'Be hokey, gintlemen, av the snobs do come for the cannin to-night, sure *they'll all go away corpess!*'"

EPITAPHS

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"A sudden pitch,
From a misplaced switch,
Laid me dead in this ditch."

"Off the track the engine rushed—
Some were drowned and I was crushed."

"What is life? 'Tis but a vision.
Here I died by a collision;
Twenty more died by the same:
Verdict—'Nobody to blame.'"

"Sister, mother, aunt, and me
Were run over. Here we be.
We should have had time to mizzle
Had they blown the engine's whistle."

"Sweeping round a curve
Whose outer flexture bordered an abyss,
The cars were canted down the precipice,
And seven of us killed. But what of that?
'Twas the curve did it. And the engineer,
Being upon a bender, was excused."

"Train-borne traveler, rushing by,
As thou passeth pipe thine eye.
Here a car, well filled with freight,
Killed sixteen and wounded eight.
For a moment, friends, be weepers,
As you pass the railroad sleepers.
You may share our fate—why not?
Ere you reach the next depot."

"Here are deposited the bones
(The flesh being torn off)
Of an unknown man,
Who, being deaf, blind, and lame,
Neglected to obey the customary signals,
And was run over as a punishment
For his contumacy.
The engineer promptly stopped the engine
After it had cut the body in two,
And, with most exemplary humanity,
Conveyed the remains to an adjacent wood-shed,
Where all means of resuscitation were tried;
But alas!
The vital spark had fled!
For the humanity they displayed,
The engineer and signal men
Were presented by the company
With a service of plate.
Go thou and do likewise."

"Ah, William! home from the wars? Where is the brother who went with you?" "Ah me! we left our mother together. One of us was killed. How can I bear to tell her which one it was?"

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